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| Animal heat | Horticultural Society's schedule |
| Antarctic Ocean, Diatomaceous vegetation of | Hothouses, to ventilate |
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| Bee-hive, Canadian (with Engraving), by Rev. B. Nichols | Insects, blind species of |
| Blackburn, and Mr. J. Wilson | Insects, Cambridge Beauty |
| British Association | Labourer and agriculture |
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| Cambridge Beauty | Pest, to char, by Mr. Raybird |
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| East Lothian Agricultural Society | Thistles |
| Farming, Long Island | Thorne's Rambles |
| Fens, Lincolnshire | Tobacco smoking |
| Festuca cerulea | Transplanting trees |
| Flowers, market | Trees, machines for removing |
| Fruit trees, to summer graft | Turnip culture |
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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1947.

REVIEWS

The Works of Josephus; a New Translation.
By the Rev. Robert Traill, D.D. &c. Edited
by Isaac Taylor, Esq. Houlston & Stone-
man.

The Historical Authority of Flavius Josephus—
[*Etudes Historiques, &c.*]. By M. Philariète
Chales. Paris, Amyot; London, Jeffs.

THIS new translation of the works of Josephus,
and the admirable essays of Philariète Chales
on the early literary history of Christianity, have
reached us nearly at the same moment. The
first of the essays being a very minute, but
rather caustic, examination of the character of
Josephus both as a historian and a man, we
have resolved to take the two works together:—
more especially as we are almost equally dissa-
tisfied with the decision of the English editor
and that of the French lecturer on many con-
verted points, not destitute of importance,
which have long interested ecclesiastical students
and even attracted some attention from general
readers.

The authority commonly attributed to the
works of Josephus strikingly illustrates the
sophism of Thucydides, that "the generality
of men shrink from the investigation of truth
and content themselves with conclusions ready
made to their hands." Infidels and Christians
have alike appealed to Josephus. The one asserts
his silence on the subject—or at best dubious
mention—of Christ to be a refutation of the
Gospel history: the other believes that he de-
signedly passed over this great series of events
in accordance with his Pharisaic prejudices.
The eight lines, however, about the authen-
ticity of which more volumes have been written
than the passage contains letters, are, in truth,
of no import one way or the other. They state
that about the time of Pilate's administration
"there lived a wise man named Jesus, who
wrought miracles and was crucified." Whether
such a passage be or be not an interpolation, it
neither invalidates nor strengthens the slightest
element of Christian evidence. The first
great mistake commonly made respecting Jose-
phus is that which regards him as a Jewish writer
—the more rigid in his creed because he be-
longed to the sect of the Pharisees. The opi-
nion of the Jews themselves is not consulted in
this. So far are they from regarding Josephus
as a national historian that they stigmatize him
as a traitor, ready to malign the country which
he had deserted in its hour of greatest need.

"We receive not this Josephus," says Isaac
Abrabanel, in his great commentary on the
Book of Daniel. "He has written much, but
he has always falsified the truth in order to
raise the face of the Romans—like a slave in
the hands of a severe master who dares to speak
only as his master pleases. Thus, there are
many things in his work which were written
only through fear of Roman displeasure. He ad-
dressed his masters with sonorous phrases and
honeyed words which they knew not to be flat-
teries; he praised his masters to the utmost of
their desires. Finding himself at Rome in the
midst of the kings and senators of the earth—
placed under their very eyes—he described
events as he knew that they were graven in
their false opinions. He is not a historian but
a flatterer."

Chales intimates that the Judaism of Jose-
phus may be best estimated by a comparison
of his writings with the Mishna—the nearest
Hebrew production in point of time. Un-
doubtedly such a comparison would prove
Josephus to be an alien if we were to receive

the Mishna as a standard of Jewish opinion.
The latter is thoroughly exclusive—while Jose-
phus rushes into the widest latitudinarianism.
It asserts the most rigid theocracy—but he sur-
passes the Herodians in his reverence for political
power. The philosophy of the Talmud—
in which the Mishna is included—is vague,
gloomy, and indeterminate; that of Josephus
is marked by all the cold pedantry and logical
trifling of the Greek sophists. Whatever may
have been his mental constitution in his youth,
it became thoroughly Romanized from the time
when he assumed the Roman name of Flavius;
and as Manasseh Ben Israel said, "his histories
should have borne the name of Flavius, not of
Josephus."

We regret that Chales did not compare the
histories of Josephus with those of Rabbi
Joseph Ben Sphardi. The former—who had
been cotemporary with the Temple, had wit-
nessed the daily sacrifice, and had spoken an
idiom not very far removed from that in which
the words of the Law were written—never be-
trays his nationality by a single phrase, turn of
expression, or incidental allusion. The latter
—living twelve centuries later, when the ma-
terial nationality of Israel had long been matter
of tradition—is intensely Biblical not merely in
thought, but in language. His descriptions of
contemporary events are often little more than
centos of quotations from the sacred historians.
Flavius Josephus never appears so strongly in
the light of a Gentile sophist as when com-
pared with the truly Jewish writer, Rabbi Jo-
seph Ben Sphardi.

But the denationalized character of Josephus
may be rendered more apparent by a com-
parison of his 'Antiquities' with the Sacred Scrip-
tures. We find him making an essential con-
cession to the plastic theory of Pagan philosophy
in the first step:—instead of "God made man in
his own image," he says, "God formed (επλασεν)
man." The familiar intercourse between God
and Abraham disappears from his writings.
He even declares that Abraham went to Egypt
for the purpose of studying theology at Mem-
phis—"about to become a disciple (ἀκροατής)
of the priests, to hear what they would say
about the gods." In direct contradiction of
the repeated denunciations of idolatry and contact
with idolatrous nations, he introduces
Moses expressing veneration for foreign phi-
losophy, and even enjoining "that no one
should blaspheme the gods worshipped by
foreign states, nor despoil Gentile temples." This
fundamental falsehood he repeats in his
book against Apion.

All the peculiarities of Biblical style disappear
from the 'Antiquities.' Josephus asserts that the
Canticle of Moses was written in hexameter
verse. He omits the account of the golden calf;
and takes no notice of the miraculous portions
of the life of Jonah. A critic has said that the
Septuagint is a version of Scripture Hellenized
rather than translated—it may with more truth
be said of the 'Antiquities' that they are a Jewish
history so thoroughly Romanized as to be utterly
denationalized.

More flagrant contradictions arise from a com-
parison of Josephus with himself. The incidents
which he records in his 'Antiquities' are repeated
with inconsistent details in his Memoirs; and
the facts of the Memoirs appear in such a dif-
ferent colouring as almost to lose their identity
when repeated in the History of the Jewish
War. It is for the last-named work that
Josephus has become popular with many Chris-
tian writers: who have yielded to the unchristian
feeling of triumph in the horrors which
attended the destruction of Jerusalem—regarded
by them as vengeance for the crucifixion. The

followers of Him who is represented as weeping
over Jerusalem and praying for the forgiveness
of his slayers should be animated by different
feelings; and we shall, therefore, feel no scruple
in showing that Josephus's description of this
catastrophe—"the prose Iliad of horror, woe
and suffering," as it was named by one of Crowe's
editors—is destitute of all historical authority,
and even inconsistent with the ordinary rules of
probable evidence.

The personal history of the man is an impor-
tant element in examining his veracity; and
we shall take the facts of this as he states them
himself. Descended from a royal and sacer-
dotal line, he was employed on an important
mission to Rome when he was about twenty-six
years of age. It was about the year 61 of the
Christian era—and Nero was the reigning
emperor. The young envoy, instead of applying
to the Emperor, obtained an interview with
Poppæa, the favourite mistress of Nero, and
contrived to secure her powerful interest. The
readers of Roman history can need no inform-
ation about the character of Poppæa; and they
must be a little astonished to learn from Josephus
that she was eminent for piety (θεοσεβής γὰρ ἦν).
Through her influence the object of the mission
was obtained. His success in diplomacy pro-
cured promotion for Josephus on his return
home. He was appointed Governor of the Two
Galilees; and had no sooner entered on his
office than he exerted all his talents to render
himself independent of the authorities at Jeru-
salem to whom he owed his appointment. The
Galileans suspected that he was about to make
some private arrangement with the Romans
against whom they had revolted; and a vast
multitude assembled to tear him in pieces. He
clothed himself in mourning, threw ashes on his
head, rushed into the midst of the mob, flung
himself on the ground, acknowledged his guilt,
professed penitence, and besought pardon. Con-
fidence was restored to him—and he cleverly im-
proved it; but a crowd of the seditious followed
him back to his house, and when he had secured
himself inside he addressed them from the ter-
race. This is one of the few instances in which
Josephus, who had a very exalted opinion of his
own eloquence, has neglected to report his
speech. At its conclusion, he invited the chief
of the insurgents to enter the house—promising
to give him a sum of money to distribute among
his followers. No sooner was the chief within
the doors than he was seized, hurried to a
remote chamber, and beaten with rods until the
flesh was torn from his body (μέχρι . . . τὰ
σπλάγχνα γυμνώσαι). His right hand was cut
off and suspended from his neck; and in this
state he was dismissed to reflect on the Syrian
proverb which declares it dangerous to follow
an old rat into a trap.

Josephus tells us that his countrymen all along
suspected him of a design to make a separate
peace with the Romans, and that they believed
this to be his sole object in asserting the inde-
pendence of his province. He does not directly
refute the imputation; but he favours us with
some rhetorical flourishes on the strength of
his patriotism and the purity of his motives—
words which were most emphatically contradicted
by his actions. We pass over his own account
of the struggles which he underwent to main-
tain his power against John of Giscala and Jona-
than, the leaders of the Hebrew and national party.
It states in substance that he met treachery with
treachery and falsehood with falsehood,—and
that he was a better master of these weapons than
his adversaries. We proceed to the time when
Vespasian invaded Judea, and was opposed
by Josephus at the head of a hundred thousand
men. Such is his own story;—but no one

acquainted with Oriental literature will repose any confidence in the statistics of eastern historians. With them "the sovereign of the universe" is a king whose dominions do not exceed the size of the county of Rutland; and "the commander of myriads of warriors" a chief who might be able to muster a squadron of horse, with two, or at the most three, battalions of infantry. It is just as easy to talk of myriads or millions as of units; and if any one is curious to determine Josephus's skill in this species of multiplication, we commend to his notice the enumeration of the treasures buried by Solomon in the Tomb of David—which he will find, in the 'Antiquities,' book ii. chap. vii., detailed with a minuteness that might put to shame estimates furnished by modern Chancellors of the Exchequer.

With this army, Josephus shut himself up in Jotopata, and endured a siege of seven weeks. The city was surprised and stormed during the night. Its citizens made a desperate resistance; but Josephus at this dread crisis was nowhere to be found,—and we do not hear of him again until some days after Jotopata had been reduced to ashes and its few surviving inhabitants sold into slavery. He states that he and forty others found refuge in a cave—that he persuaded them to kill each other—and that having escaped their fanaticism, he trusted to the mercy of the Romans. Chasles contents himself with rejecting this story as a mere romance; but on examining it closely, we believe that we have found strong presumptive evidence to show that the confidence which Josephus showed in Roman clemency was the preconceived result of deliberate treachery. In the first place, he tells us that he *always* expected pardon from the Romans (*Συνγνώσθῃς τεταρά παρὰ Ῥωμαίους προσδοκῶν*). He confesses that he meditated escape so soon as he saw the city beleaguered,—but was forcibly detained by the garrison. He gives no intimation of his whereabouts during the night of the assault:—and when brought before Vespasian, who had shown no mercy to any of the captives, he addressed the Emperor with a smile (*Εὐέλκας καὶ ἰσθη*). The smile appears to us decisive evidence of a previous understanding between the general and his prisoner.

In order to understand the interview of Josephus with the Emperor, it is necessary to investigate the Jewish theory of the Messiah,—such as it was held during the early centuries of the Christian era, and as it is held by the rigid Talmudists. The Pharisaic and most orthodox belief was, that God, whenever his chosen people suffered oppression, would raise up a Messiah, or "anointed deliverer,"—who should restore them to liberty, independence, and prosperity. Such a Messiah was Moses, who delivered the Israelites from Pharaoh;—such were several of the Shopetims, or Judges, who liberated them from the yoke of the Canaanitish nations;—such was David, who vanquished their worst enemies, the Philistines;—such was Elijah, who overthrew the false and anti-national worship of Baal;—and such was Ezra, who led the Jews back from their captivity in Babylon. It was part of this theory that each successive Messiah should be more powerful than his predecessors—and that each successive oppression should be more grievous and intolerable than the last. Josephus, then, hailed Vespasian as the promised Messiah of final deliverance; and appears to have given him the prophetic title of "Desire of all Nations." Such a prediction was sure to win the favour of an ambitious general, who had already formed plans for revolting against Nero and placing himself at the head of the empire: and such an application of prophecy was sure to obtain for Vespasian the zealous support of the Eastern

legions, with whose religious belief mysticism was closely intertwined.—"The man who has announced to me an empire ought not to remain a slave!" was the exclamation of Vespasian. Immediately the chains of Josephus were loosed. He took the Roman name of Flavius; and, to show how completely he was denationalized, married a captive of Tarichea, in direct violation of the Mosaic law. He then accompanied Titus to the siege of Jerusalem,—pointed out the weak parts of the city,—superintended the placing of the military engines,—and vainly endeavoured to induce his countrymen to surrender at discretion.

Josephus has calumniated his nation by disguising and misrepresenting the motives by which they were actuated. He nowhere mentions "the law of zeal," by which every individual Israelite was authorized to become the avenger of an insult offered to the majesty of Jehovah. Instead of this Jewish and Oriental principle, he ascribes the obstinate resistance of the Jews to ambition, to love of plunder, and to inexplicable madness. This misrepresentation of motive has led him further to pervert facts. The very minuteness of his details of the horrors perpetrated by the factions in Jerusalem during the siege is proof more than presumptive that these are pure inventions. How could he have learned these hideous details? He was not present in the city:—as a renegade he could not have obtained any information from the priests, the nobles, and the patriots, who died with their arms in their hands. He does not even pretend to have had intercourse with the unfortunate warriors whom Titus crucified by thousands, "until wood was wanting for gibbets and gibbets for carcases." Even in the agonies of death these would have hurled their curses on the traitor. The miserable captives sold into slavery or reserved as victims for the Circus were assuredly not likely to be sought as companions by the denationalized Flavius,—whose greatest pride was that he had become a Roman citizen. It was necessary that he should malign his countrymen to vindicate himself. The rancour of a renegade is proverbial;—and nowhere is it more strongly exemplified than in the over-rated works of Flavius Josephus.

Rambles in Sweden and Gotthland; with Etchings by the Wayside. By Sylvanus. Bentley.

PRETENSION to wit is a worse defect than the want of it. The Rambler before us is guilty of much "heavy lightness, serious vanity,"—rattling, page after page, through a mass of unintelligible allusion which we are to take, as we please, for local description or authorial persiflage. There is some vamping up, too, of old anecdotes in the early chapters of this volume. These things spoil the effect of much that the author has to tell which might be worth the hearing if soberly narrated.

The first place which our tourist visited in Sweden was Gottenburg;—whence he voyaged by steam to Stockholm. Of the Dalecarlian women in that city he presents a tolerably good picture.

"The Dalecarlians sojourning at Stockholm, during summer, amount probably to a couple of thousands, and are an extremely hardworking, civil, and trustworthy set of people. They annually migrate from their native fastnesses for the season, hoping and striving for the means on which to subsist through their long and dreary winter. The women are extraordinary creatures, and possessed of the most indomitable industry and perseverance: they pull all the passage-boats that ply on the lakes round Stockholm, stopped by neither weather nor distance, scarcely resting one whole hour out of the twelve, and, during the height of summer, working till within one of midnight. These 'hands' would be a close

match to our own Deal boatwomen, a boat's crew of whom beat the best eight-oared 'gig' that could be manned by French sailors, at the Havre regatta last year: a match in which gallantry to the fair sex (?) had nothing to do—it being one of genuine hard pulling, of several miles, for a considerable sum, enough to cause water-side gallantry to 'sheer off'; when our aquatic amazons gained the victory, to the rage and vexation of the vanquished Havaise blue jackets. This scene I had the exquisite satisfaction to witness, and was told the women offered to fight the men afterwards, for any sum they might venture on, and that the lady-like overture was politely and discreetly refused. The Dalecarlian boatwomen wear their own costume, converse in their own language, and herd together in quite a clannish mode:—they dress in the coarse linsey-woolsey petticoat, with a gay striped apron worked in the garment; have a kind of leathern jacket laced in front in a bodice, with silver eyelet-holes and clasps, to which are attached shoulder-straps; they have a head-dress of coarse woollen, edged with scarlet, and in winter another larger jacket made of undressed lamb's-skin, which they wear with the wool inside, and decorated with a long woollen fringe. In hot weather they wear a white linen bonnet trimmed with home-made lace. They have shoes, the soles of which are filled with a couple of pounds' weight of large nails,—wide red stockings complete their costume. They are all cleanly in their persons; and as frugal, merry-hearted a set as ever were created. They have, without exception, the most lovely teeth I ever beheld; teeth so white, even, and beautifully formed I certainly never saw but in these hardworking creatures' mouths; and well they try, and need, them, for they invariably eat bread as hard as a stone, and could, I believe, bite the head off an iron ramrod with ease. The boats they work are in imitation of the steam-packet, having paddles and paddle-boxes, awnings, and accommodation for a dozen passengers. They are of 'four Dalecarlian' power and christened with various names, as the 'Swan,' 'Gripen,' &c., other boats are worked by oars, though they are uniformly 'manned by women.' I became exceedingly interested in the habits and history of this singular people, and resolved upon an excursion on foot into their country, the wildness and primitive state of which, I am told, is well worth viewing. The costume has continued the same, without the slightest change, through a lapse of several centuries.

The city of Wisby, once the capital of Gotthland, or Gothland, and focus of commercial wealth and enterprise, is now but a poor village.

"The winds howl through the desolate warehouses and ruined cathedrals, as would be the case with Liverpool if the Mersey should be choked, or any natural convulsion destroy the out and inlet to the port. The genius of Trade carries not behind lamenting, should her fountain be stopped, but hastens to fresh fields of enterprise, scarcely regretting the home she leaves without a warning, though it may be deserted for ever."

A singular bridal custom was witnessed here by our author; which is thus described:—

"The fair betrothed was married at home about six o'clock in the evening, and immediately afterwards was brought to the window, in which a number of lighted candles were placed, where she had to blush (if she could), and show herself till eleven! an immense crowd being gathered below, having the privilege, accorded by vile custom, of demanding her to come forward, should she be absent from it longer than suited their notions of propriety! The hero or victim in this Benedictine pillory was a clergyman, and equally public property for the night: I merely name this to show it is a practice from which the *élite* are not exempt. The lady was very bridally attired, and appeared, as I thought, particularly steady under fire, never shrinking from the admiring volleys she received, but enfilading the street in return with eloquent glances, whilst the newly rivetted parson could scarcely be forced to the front, though repeatedly called for; he evidently had more of the 'white feather' about him than his more courageous half, gaily plumed as she was. I confess, as a modest man, I went home guiltless of the sin of coveting a 'neighbour's wife,' whose tastes gave preference to the rocking glare of a public illumina-

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boat's crew of that could be regarded as the fair sex (!) fine hard pull-sum, enough off; when our rage and blue jackets. tion to witness, fight the men ment on, and and discreetly ear their own age, and heri dy dress in the gay striped and of leather silver eyelet-ouider-straps; n, edged with 'cket made of with the wool n fringe. In net trimmed the soles of 's weight of te their con- sons; and as eated. They teeth I ever fully formed cking crea- ed, them, for stone, and ramrod with tion of the boxes, awn- passengers. christened ripen,' &c., they are uni- exceedingly his singular on foot into we state of The cos- the slightest is.

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rather than to the pale, witching beams of the street and lonely 'honeymoon'; for I cannot but think in this age of freedom the display might have been avoided if really as disagreeable as most of my hair, and foul, readers may well imagine it. To the former, with 'caps to set,' the custom must be anything but favourable, as I can imagine nothing more likely to induce a man to put off the evil day than the heavy disbursement of impudence he would have to make in paying the terrible penalty I have described."

In the following citation are preserved some memoranda of a Swedish winter:— "The snow has fallen heavily the last week, and filled the narrow streets of Stockholm to the first 'trappa.' The Malar is frozen, and covered with skaters and pedestrians. The sombre plumes of the Swedish fir are weighed down with dazzling wreaths, and appear singularly beautiful. The hedges have disappeared altogether, and are replaced by defences resembling alabaster ramparts. Not a wheel is to be seen; in lieu of which innumerable sledges, with their tinkling bells and merry little nags, give a vivacity to the scene which green leaves and sunshine failed to produce. Some few of these sledges are handsome and well horsed, especially those which have Russian owners; though, in the aggregate, they are short, unrightly vehicles, and appointed in anything but good taste. Sledging, when the roads are evenly covered with well-ploughed snow, is a delightful mode of conveyance. You experience a hearty, gleesome sensation as you spin along through the frosty air, only raised a few inches from the dazzling way, nearly equalling the thrill produced by a ride on the box-seat of the 'Tantivy,' or nearly-forgotten Brighton 'Age'; and that was a thrill indeed! * * "It is dark at three o'clock in the afternoon, and dark before two; the day is not fairly broke at nine o'clock A.M., so that we have, in fact, only about five hours of light, in lieu of the eighteen with which we were sufficed in summer. I really prefer this wintry scene, to the incessant dazzling attack upon the eye and nerves an excitable man must experience, when living in a world constantly illuminated, as is the case with Sweden for half the year. I have felt a composure and inclination for study I could not coax to become my guests in sunshine. It is intensely cold; we cold, that your breath freezes as you walk, and settles in gelid eloquence on the mouth from whence it came. No consistency can save a man from the necessity of 'eating his own words,' as he travels in Sweden; for they return 'nolens volens' to the portal whence they issued, and if not admitted, hang clamorously about your moustache and whisker, with painful tenacity. The effect produced by the intensely frosty air, on every living thing exposed to its influence, is extremely curious. Raven locks become venerably white or piebald, in an hour's drive; whilst your morning horse is metamorphosed into a glittering Polar Pegasus, with a mane and muzzle waving with brilliants. The moonlight nights are glorious! and quite repay us for the loss of day; the heavens appear of meteoric radiance, and to display a greater proportion of stars as the temperature lowers: to this witching brightness the flickering, mysterious Northern lights add their charm and peculiar brilliancy. Beds are all but deserted on these bright occasions, and sledges universally put in requisition for jaunts over the snow and frozen lakes; the cold being defied or despised by all alike. Our in-door resources are quite of the high-dried, band-box order; consisting, in the main, in ceremonious calls and evening parties, with an occasional ball or two, 'pro bono'; when the rooms remind you of India and the manners of Greenland, the former being oppressively close as well as hot, and the latter, like the weather outside, at their usual freezing point. The display and needless out-ly witnessed at most of these reunions of dullness and formality are in sad proof of the extravagance which prevails. There are a vast number of non-descript assemblages of the common orders, passing under the name of *masquerades*; at one of which—a very distinguished affair, as I was given to understand—I became absolutely disgusted with my old flame Tersipho; so dingy was she in apparel, and vulgar in movement. The goddess was heavy at heel, and anything but sober; appearing as a flaunting backster bent on business, rather than the deity of the dance and mistress of the community. The

males, mainly Scandinavian 'Titmice' and 'Corinthians,' were the most *brusque*, yet solemn specimens of revellers it was ever my misfortune to behold. Nothing like a costume or even smile was to be seen; many appeared in hideous masks with their usual every-day dresses, though an equal number were very completely disguised by aid of punch and other inflammable compounds before the orgie was closed by authority. In a cold shop, or *cave*, a man must uncover *instantly*, according to the Swedish code of manners; in this room every one kept his hat on, as a matter of course. The effect was horrible; it reminded one of an auction-room set to music, when the heads rose and fell to fierce polka strains; for there was all the packed, reeking, elbowing, and forest of 'shocking bad hats,' of the former scene, and not a jot less of calculation and bargaining. The women, the very nicest creatures in the universe, if well treated, and allowed 'fair play,' which they are not, were all frightfully masked, and ranged formally by themselves on seats round the room, where they waited the challenge to polk and punch on the part of the 'Titmice.' These heroes stalked round and round the market—for it struck me as being nothing more, *nor less*—'taking stock,' and making their selection of partners, induced equally with an air of debauched dejection and boisterous pomposity. Animal was palpably the prevailing attribute in the performers, and Silenus, turned 'free trader,' the genius of the *salle*. Nought more thoroughly matter-of-fact, or imbued with the spirit of cash and currency can be imagined in the philosophy of a New Orleans slave, or pawnbroker, than the *arrangements* entered into at Stockholm by the parties I have described. Cupid himself wears a cocked hat, and strings his bow with a stay-lace; having stipulated cautiously for rations and pocket-money before he breaks ground or hearts! There are no impromptu or unguarded likes or dislikes in Scandinavian dovetailing, nothing like spontaneous combustion or involuntary mistakes are countenanced—all is precluded by overtures for 'daily bread' and ink-shed, when the amiable parties 'join gibles,' without a comment being made by their relatives or neighbours."

But this, as we have said, the very dullest of jesting; and we cannot follow an author further who constantly plays clown—and plays badly.—There are scattered through the volume certain attempts at literature and criticism: some remarks on Swedish ballads and Scandinavian legends, and some on our English writers Mr. Dickens and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Much of this is meant to be severe—but the whole is worthless. In conclusion:—the present is a tour-book that might, from its subject-matter, have been made both instructive and amusing—but which the writer has altogether ruined by affectation and presumption.

The Genera of Diurnal Lepidoptera. By Edward Doubleday. Illustrated by W. C. Hewitson. Longman & Co.

THERE is no family of animals which—on account of their singularly beautiful colours and forms and graceful flight—have attracted more attention than butterflies. The British species have often been described and illustrated; but the increased attention paid to Natural History by those who travel in foreign countries is constantly adding to the number of new species,—and renders it necessary to split up the genus *Papilio* of Linnaeus into numerous other genera. Of the augmentations recently made to our knowledge of this beautiful family the most important are from the East Indies:—where, we are glad to find, an increased attention is now paid to the natural products of the country of every kind. The object of Mr. Doubleday's work is to give a description and drawing of all the known genera of butterflies. His position in the British Museum is peculiarly favourable for this object; as in that institution there exists undoubtedly the finest collection of these insects in Europe. To such a use we are glad to see these noble materials devoted;—and wish that works of similar

character were more frequently undertaken by the officers of that establishment. The plan of the work includes a description of the families and genera of the diurnal Lepidoptera, with a drawing of a species belonging to each genus. The letter-press embraces a large amount of information on the habits, distribution, metamorphoses, and varieties of these insects. On these points, also, the author has availed himself of the collection in the British Museum:—which contains in this department of Natural History (as well as in most others) a large quantity of original manuscripts of great interest and value. A list is given of all the species belonging to each genus,—with copious references to works where they are described or figured, with their synonyms and habitats. The drawings are executed by Mr. Hewitson—who is well known for his illustrations of British Oology; and they fully sustain his character as a faithful and accurate Natural History artist. The work is brought out in Parts—each containing two plates; and will be completed in about thirty of these Parts. We hope our entomological friends will support Mr. Doubleday in this attempt to illustrate the interesting family of insects in question—and to make known the treasures of the national institution with which he is connected.

Treasury of the Spanish Novelists: with Introduction and Notes.—[*Tesoro de Novelistas Españoles, &c.*]. By Don Eugenio de Ochoa. Vol. I. Paris, Baudry.

We lately had occasion to speak of M. Baudry's collection of Spanish authors with the praise it deserves. Of the volumes published within the present year, the most interesting, perhaps, to the student of foreign literature, and certainly the fullest of entertainment for ordinary readers, are those which contain specimens of the novelists. The selection of the works admitted into this series has been far from indiscriminate: and the choice has, we think, been made on sufficient grounds of preference. The mass of the whole collection, however, in spite of its selectness, is too considerable to be examined at once, even in a summary manner. For the present, we must confine ourselves to the contents of the first division, consisting of several independent works, which are also published in a separate form by M. Baudry.

What has already been said of the service rendered by this edition to all who, unfurnished with leisure to hunt out old books or with long purses to buy them when found, still desire to know something of the flower of Spanish genius, may be applied with especial propriety to the particular series now before us. The earlier impressions of not a few of the novels collected here are seldom to be found; the modern reprints of even the better known amongst them have not been frequent;—and most of these, too, are nearly as scarce in England as the originals. We must, therefore, feel obliged to a publisher who presents to us at once, in an inviting form, and at a very moderate price, so copious a selection of these amusing works,—to collect the older copies of which, in their dispersed and often imperfect condition, would require an expense of time, diligence, and money that few but professed book-fanciers are likely to give.

The reader who would profit by these assistances may, however, be advised to look at these compositions in a point of view somewhat different from that of the editor, Don Eugenio de Ochoa. He has shown, we think, more judgment in collecting these novels than just criticism in his comments prefixed to the collection. Measured by a certain standard of what he thinks a novel

should be, he finds the older Spanish works under this title exceedingly defective; and after 'Don Quixote'—which we are glad to see excepted from the general depreciation—can discover little that is satisfactory in the whole remaining compass of Spanish prose fiction. On the whole, he appears to think the chivalry romances—which do not enter into the present series—the only very considerable inventions of which it can boast; and, regarding the shortcomings of all the specimens of other kinds, when contrasted with certain productions in later times elsewhere, he laments the poverty of his country in this department.

A foreigner should differ with great hesitation from a native, especially when the native is a Spaniard, and is speaking *not* in praise of his country's superiority. In this instance, however, the editor has sufficiently explained his views to throw our dissent on the grounds of his criticism. The Spanish *novela* is something, we know, wholly different from such models as the genius of Fielding, Rousseau, De Staël, or Scott may have rendered current. But this difference, we apprehend, is no absolute reason for censure:—the older style is not to be despised, if it fulfil what may be called its natural conditions, although it may exhibit abundance of wants when compared with something of a more ambitious class. The modern novel or romance in its perfection is, no doubt, a higher kind of work altogether: fuller, more varied in structure and materials, penetrating more deeply into human thoughts, and describing in a more picturesque way persons and places. But the earlier species of fictions have not the less a merit and character of their own; which it would seem to be a mistake to estimate by contrasting them with the best works on a totally different plan, and of greater pretensions. Compared with some modern masterpiece, called also a novel, and taking its qualities as an absolute rule, the Spanish *novela*,—as well as the best piece of Boccaccio or Sacchetti,—may appear a very thin, faulty, and artless performance. This, however, is not exactly the way in which we would have them viewed. To understand—still more to enjoy—a literary work of what kind soever, the reader must be content to possess himself of what it really was intended to be, instead of standing aloof from it on some ground of his own choosing, and testing it by a reference to something of which the author had no idea.

The present collection comprises specimens of two only of the four main classes into which Spanish prose fiction may be divided. There are none of the *libros de caballerías*, or chivalric romances; of which the editor promises some specimens in a future series. Nor are there any *novelas pastoriles* or *heroicas*—pastoral or heroic romances: such as the 'Galatea,' the 'Persiles y Sigismunda' of Cervantes, the 'Diana' of Montemayor, and other renowned books of this high-flown class,—which was attempted with partial success by our own Sidney in his 'Arcadia.' There remain, and will be found in M. Baudry's Treasury, the two following species:—the *novela*, properly so called; in which such incidents of a strange, pleasing, or pathetic cast as belong to love and adventure—in short, the materials of romance as the word is usually understood,—are presented without much intricacy in a style more or less ornamented. It is a kind of composition nearly resembling the serious and sentimental of the Italian *novelle*: with certain differences of character belonging to the national tone and language, but not essentially distinct from them. Of this class the most eminent examples may be found in the *novelas ejemplares* of Cervantes, and those which are inserted in his 'Don Quixote.' Some of great elegance and ingenuity are met with in the

miscellanies of Lope de Vega, and of Montalvan. The other species is more purely of Castilian origin:—the *novela de costumbres*, as we shall term it. In this the range of subject is extensive, and all classes of life appear in succession; but the main thread of all is connected with the fortunes of some adventurer, generally of the lowest class, whose various disasters and successes, with more or less of a roguish cast, bring a variety of characters on the scene, and give scope for humorous portraiture and satirical remark. An important branch of this class consists of the novels *en el gusto picaresco*, in which feats of dexterous imposture, and the tricks and shifts of vagabond life—which in old Spain formed a peculiar and prominent feature in its social condition—supply the interest of the story. Still beyond these, are others (like the '*Vida del Gran Tacaño*,' by Quevedo), in which the incidents and style are marked by a certain ludicrous exaggeration; and the sketches, becoming mere caricature, cease to give, what the true *picaresque* novel affords, a lively picture of real forms of life and manners. The merit of these extravaganzas is to be sought, we believe, in the racy satirical tone which the initiated find in their grotesque combinations, quibbles and plays upon words, puzzling at times even to the native reader, and in hyperboles of vast dimensions applied to the meanest subjects. But of this class we must speak with diffidence:—as it is very doubtful whether the full pith and taste of such whimsical compounds can be extracted by any foreign reader, much less thoroughly enjoyed. In the collection now before us, there is one specimen only of this peculiar sort—a very short *novela* by an anonymous author; which the editor thinks quite incomprehensible to foreigners, adding that few Spaniards would probably now be able to understand it much better, "although they should read it with attention."

These, however, are the caricatures and excesses of a style which, in itself though coarse, is genial and full of curious entertainment. How much life there is in this peculiarly Spanish invention, and how excellent its treatment may become, was made known to all Europe by the 'Gil Blas' of Le Sage, who drew the idea of that inimitable tale from a Spanish original—the '*Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregon*,'—although it is now pretty certain that he did not, as certain rabid Castilians, with the Padre Ysla at their head, would contend, steal the whole book from one of their authors, and then destroy the original to conceal his theft. Le Sage's tale will give any one some general idea of the method of Spanish novels in this class; although the outlines—which, in the original, have a peculiar humour and vein of observation upon characters especially belonging to the soil—are filled up by the French author with French wit of the brightest kind, Parisian incidents, interests and personages.

To deplore the poverty of a literature which has produced a branch so fertile in genuine mirth, and so truly original as this is, may be deemed curious in a Spanish critic, when it is remembered how very few really new inventions are to be met with in the whole compass of the *belles lettres*. Nor can we agree with Don Eugenio, in regarding the best existing specimens of this kind of novel as imperfect essays, which it required the progress of a higher cultivation, and the "facilities given by printing," to improve into finished works of Art. To the eye of genial criticism, which can look beyond the limits of a prevailing taste, they will be found, we think, as complete in their way as any of the more composite works of later times and other countries. It is not fair to complain of their wanting qualities found in other works of

fiction, if it appear that what they did intend and attempt has been achieved. This, we think, may be truly asserted of the better specimens of the class. The author simply pretends to offer for our entertainment the outline of some wanderer's career through the various courses of a dependent and precarious life, snatching by the way such glimpses of character as may present themselves in that irregular progress. His claim to applause must be determined by the manner in which this task is fulfilled:—the merit of the *genus* itself, by the degree to which a successful fulfilment of this task is qualified to produce a genial and vivacious whole. The success of many authors has been sufficient, we think, to entitle them to the praise of having founded a complete and genuine, if humble, school of fiction—which it would be unjust to reproach with falling short of the master-pieces of later invention.

The Sentimental novel was not originated by the Castilians. The species was earlier brought to high perfection in Italy, which was their teacher in this department. Whatever is peculiar in the Spanish works will be found in the colour given to the foreign novel and in the inventiveness applied to enrich it. The eminence of the Castilian novelists in the last-named quality was better known, both to England and to France, two centuries since, than it now may be. Their stories were a mine from which the dramatist of both countries drew largely for materials. Readers acquainted with Spanish books will find many old acquaintances in the plays of Molière, Beaumont and Fletcher, and in several other authors, indeed, of both countries from 1650 to the beginning of the century following. In the touching, fanciful, or surprising incidents of these tales, the Spanish genius displayed to great advantage its romantic fertility; and in this respect they may stand, without fearing comparison, beside the rich stores of the Italian *novellieri*.

The first place in the volume now before us is occupied by one of the earliest of this school. '*El Abencerraje*,' by Antonio de Villegas, is deserving of this place, not only as one of the oldest novels existing in Castilian, but also as the parent of many others, some by distinguished names:—the beautiful Moorish tale, for instance, Montemayor's 'Diana,' is regarded as an imitation, though an improved one, of this model. It describes a strife of knightly honour and generosity between Christian and Moorish cavaliers; in which noble contest, through certain chances of war and other incidents, simply and naturally related, the Castilian wins the advantage, and makes becoming use of his victory. The language is pure and expressive, with less of ornament than was thought appropriate to later novels of this class,—which are now chiefly perused by the few who still read them for the sake of their exquisite diction.

The next in the series is the '*Patrañuelo*,' or 'Storyteller,' of Juan de Timoneda, first published in 1576—a succession of twenty short tales, following each other without any attempt at connexion, borrowed from various sources: many Italian, some Arabic, with here and there a story from Valerius Maximus. There is little to recommend this author beyond his antiquity, and a certain artless sincerity of manner, agreeable enough when he happens to fall upon a subject of interest—which, however, is not always the case.

We next come to a new species, and a greater name—Mendoza; whose 'Life of Lazarrillo de Tormes' was the first of those numerous stories of adventure in low life described above as belonging especially to Spanish literature. Not only is it the earliest of its class, but in some of the best qualities belonging to the class it has never

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afterwards been surpassed. The authorship of Mendoza is not certainly proved. The work, supposed to be a youthful flourish of the same pen that afterwards traced the grand historical episode of 'The War of Granada,' was first published anonymously at Antwerp in 1553; and as it was condemned by the Inquisition on its appearance in Spain, the paternity of the work could never be safely owned by any one in credit there. We should be loth to believe that any one else had written this rare fragment: and the circumstance of its remaining incomplete by the author, in spite of its popularity, suiting with the occupation of Mendoza in graver affairs, and the risk of one in his exalted place pursuing a theme which had provoked the Holy Office, strengthens the universal opinion that the first part of 'Lazarillo' was written by him while a student in Salamanca. As the story breaks off abruptly, and no desire was shown by its concealed author to finish it, others ventured to undertake the office; and two second parts were published, at different intervals—one by an unnamed author also, at Antwerp, in 1555; another by Luna Castellano, nearly a century later (1652), in Paris, it is supposed, though under the imprint of Zaragoza. Both these second parts are inserted in M. Baudry's edition; and, as matters of curiosity, it may be well to have them preserved—all older copies being now scarce. They are utterly worthless as continuations of the first part; the excellence of which their inferiority only serves to render more conspicuous. One of them (the Antwerp publication) is a mass of the most puerile improbabilities;—and, curiously enough, both of these additions to the best piece, perhaps, of its class, are inferior to the ordinary run of such compositions.

Of its kind, Mendoza's novel may be regarded as a perfect specimen. The story of the orphan beggar boy thrown upon the world in his earliest childhood, to help himself how he can, is simple enough. He is represented as giving to some casual listener an account of the various services in which he sought a living, and of what he saw and endured in them,—the "business of hungering," as Jean Paul terms it, occupying the chief place throughout. But what distinctness in the figures!—what a consummate knowledge of those significant trifles that make the picture as lively as life itself!—what a study of characters, each different, each full of nature, but such nature as no country but Spain could exhibit!—the stupid, covetous curate, the harsh and importunate blind beggar, and that sublime incorporation of Castilian dignity and famine—the penniless *escudero*, who disposes his cloak with a noble air, and goes forth fasting with a stoical affectation of content and good cheer that is the very triumph of pretensions and coxcombical misery!—Not less characteristic, if less amusing, is the impudent cheating *buldero*, or pardoner, whose devices are as freely exposed as those of the worthy of the same trade in Heywood's 'Four P's.' The closing scene of the fragment, which is broken off at a more comfortable turn in Lazarillo's fortunes, reveals some curious features of the manners and morals in an archiepiscopal city of the sixteenth century, with a boldness which, no doubt, was one cause of the censure of the book by the Inquisition.* All the figures in this little book have the property which belongs only to such as true genius can evoke. They are as vivid and amusing now as when they first

sprung to life; although the whole form of society in which their originals flourished have long since disappeared from the world.

The first evening in the Esquire's "house of hunger" is thus described: Lazarillo was engaged in the street soon after daybreak, and has to follow his new master for hours through the city, without having or seeing anything of a meal. In the afternoon—

We arrived at a house, before which my master stopped, and I did the same; when he, throwing back the skirt of his cloak over his left shoulder, took a key from his sleeve, and opened the door. We entered the dwelling, the passage to which was dark and sombre-looking to a degree that made you shudder as you went in; although the premises inside contained a small court and rooms of tolerable size. As soon as we had entered one of these, he takes off his cloak; and after he had inquired whether my hands were clean or not, we both fell to shaking and folding of it; after which, and carefully blowing the dust off a bench that was at hand, he laid it there: this being done, he seated himself upon it, and began to question me in minute detail, asking where I was born, and how I came to this city? I gave him a longer account in reply than I could have liked, since it seemed a more suitable time for ordering me to get ready the table and to pour the soup into the porringers than for inquiries of this sort. Nevertheless, I satisfied him concerning my personal history with the best lies I could invent; telling all the good of myself I could think, and keeping silence on other matters which, methought, were not fit subjects for chamber conversation. This being over, he remained in the same composure for awhile; and I saw at once the signs were unpromising, for though it was already nearly two o'clock, he showed no more inclination to eat than does a dead man. In addition to this, I reflected on this keeping of the door locked; and also that I could not hear, either below or overhead, the steps of any living creature within doors. All I had yet seen were mere walls, without a sight of stool or chopping-block, bench or table; nor even the matter of a chest, such as that which figured in the former part of my story. In short, it seemed like a house enchanted. While this was passing in my mind, he said to me, "Boy, hast thou eaten already?"—"No, Sir," I answered, "for it had not struck eight when I first met with your honour."—"Because, although it was thus early, I had myself already breakfasted; and whenever I take anything at such an hour, I would have thee know that I continue thus until night: wherefore pass the time over as thou canst, and afterwards we will have supper."

No supper, however, has the poor Esquire to bestow or to eat; and he is fain to take a share of some fragments of bread which Lazarillo had still in store, the fruits of his yesterday's begging. The master's conflict between the desire to eat and the shame of seeming hungry is hard enough on this and other occasions, when he ravenously profits by Lazarillo's skill in collecting alms, while covering his necessities under a show of indifferent curiosity. He now pretends to desire a taste of the bread only because the boy seems to find it peculiarly good and savoury,—at another time, "to see him eat so handsomely" gives him an appetite himself, full though he declares that he is already. All this is told in the richest vein of grave comedy; but the scenes are too long for extraction. We must be content with a sketch of the morning exit of this famished householder, after a supperless night passed on a few miserable boards, and empty of even the hope of breaking his fast.—

When it was morning we rose; and he fell to brushing and shaking his drawers and jerkin, coat and cloak, in which I helped what little I could; then he dressed himself leisurely, and with the utmost seeming contentment. When I had handed him water for his hands and face, he combed himself, and girt on his sword with his belt, and while putting it on he said to me, "Ah, boy! if thou didst but know what a piece of metal this is!—there is not in all the

world a mark of gold for which I would exchange it; for so it is, that of all the many blades Antonio forged, there was never one to which he could give a temper so quick as this has:—and, drawing it from the scabbard, he tried it on his finger, saying, "Observe its edge: I will undertake with this to cut through a lock of wool." "And I," so I muttered to myself, "with these teeth of mine, although not of tempered steel, to do as much with a quatern loaf." He returned it to the sheath, and girt on the belt, with a great string of beads fastened thereupon, —and then, with a composed step and upright body, making both with that and with his head many dainty motions, throwing the corner of his cloak now over his shoulder, now under his arm, and resting his right hand on his hip, he sallied forth from the door, saying, "Lazarillo, look thou to the house, while I go to hear mass; and make the bed, and go down to the river which runs below yonder, to fill the picher with water, and lock the door first, that no one may get in to rob us of anything; and leave the key here in the chink, so that I may be able to let myself in should I return meanwhile." And thus down the street he went; with an appearance and carriage so debonaire, that any one who knew nothing of him would have thought he must for sure be some near relation of the Conde de Arcos, or at least his privy gentleman of the wardrobe.

This celebrated novel is followed by 'La Pícarra Justina,'—a work of great vogue in its day, as the existence of translations into nearly all the other European languages may attest. It is a kind of *pendant* to the still more famous 'Life of Guzman de Alfarache,' by Aleman; being intended to portray the female *par excellence* of the class of which that arch-rogue was the male type. As a composition, however, the 'Life of Justina' falls some degrees below that of the male hero of knavery:—although it by no means deserves the contemptuous sentence with which Bouterwek despatches it. From the terms he uses, it seems probable that he was too much disgusted with the tedious, conceited pedantry of the opening to read further:—in the body of the tale we think he would have found matter deserving of a more favourable report than he has given. There is, indeed, a quantity of fulsome verbiage and dry quibbling throughout the whole narrative; but it also contains passages abounding in the comedy of rascaldom, and displays a knowledge of the sleights and practices of its female professors that is somewhat astounding in an author whose real title was *Fray Andres*, a monk of the order of St. Dominick.* Amongst its richest passages we may name the instruction given by the worthy parents of Justina, hostellers by profession, to herself and her sisters, on the mystery of tavern keeping, as it was understood in Madrid or Toledo in the sixteenth century. The several lectures and illustrated maxims given out by father and mother, each unfolding a different class of "tricks upon travellers" and guests, are curiously rich in that species of humour of which we have a specimen in Swift's 'Advice to Servants.' Much invention and skill are shown in developing the various processes through which, and the several feats by which, Justina became a finished she-rogue and arch-betrayer:—the manner of the book, however, is so discursive, and the effect of every part depends so much on a series of preceding touches, that it would be impossible to give a fair idea of its faults or merits by any extracts we could offer within the limits of these columns. There is enough in this book of what may be called the romance of trickery:—there are lineaments striking enough, of the strange figures swarming in the backways of life in Old Spain, to reward the reader for the pains of toiling through a waste of rubbish, stale learning and far-fetched plea-

* The issue of this prohibition is curious enough. It was found that no precautions could keep the forbidden book out of Spain:—the copies printed in Flanders were smuggled in, and circulated in great numbers. Hereupon, as it was of no use to try to stifle the work, it was resolved to render it harmless; and a castrated edition was prepared under the auspices of the Holy Office. Its first appearance, thus reformed, was at Madrid, 1573; but the original version kept its place with readers, in spite of the authorities.

* The work appeared under the pseudonym of 'El Licenciado Francisco Lopez de Ubeda.'

santries, which he must encounter on the way; and for the exceeding difficulty of mastering the text, which, after all his endeavours, will be apt at times to puzzle him. It may be some consolation to be told that the most cramped passages are those which are the least worth studying; and that the best parts of the tale will generally be found quite accessible to any good Castilian scholar. All the novels *del gusto picaresco*, it may be observed, require in the reader a degree of proficiency far exceeding what may be needed to enjoy nearly every other description of Spanish books.

The volume is well closed with a pleasant little story by Tirso de Molina (Fray Gabriel Tellez) entitled '*Los Tres Maridos burlados*'—'The three husbands tricked'—of which our fair readers will be apt to blame us for not rendering some account, by way of instruction, or *pour encourager les autres*. This we should gladly do, were there room for further description or extract. As it is, we must refer all curious inquirers to the original, which will be found very comfortable reading:—and also postpone our remarks on the treatment which the softer sex usually meet with in Spanish tales of an unsentimental cast, and on other characteristics calling for a brief notice, to the next occasion, when we may have to give an account of some remarkable productions of a later period, collected in the second volume of M. Baudry's Treasury.

Researches on the Chemistry of Food. By Justus Liebig, M.D., &c. Edited by William Gregory, M.D. Taylor & Walton.

OUR knowledge of any of the vital processes is exceedingly limited. It may indeed be safely affirmed that, notwithstanding the careful researches of the anatomist and the minute investigations of the physiologist, we are in ignorance of all those processes of assimilation and change which are constantly going on to maintain animal organization in a healthful condition. Any researches tending in the remotest degree to advance our knowledge of any one of these must prove of the utmost value. To inquiries like those of Baron Liebig we must look as the only means by which the remedial art is to be removed out of the condition of uncertainty in which it has for centuries remained. Our only hope of arriving at any accurate knowledge of the phenomena of disease rests on those investigations which are directed to examine the chemical conditions of organized structures in various states. When we shall know the operations of increased animal heat, as manifested in fever, in altering the order of combination of those elements that constitute the solid parts of animals,—when we shall learn the chemical changes which take place in the blood and muscular fibre by any conditions to which the animal may be exposed,—and shall have acquired (such knowledge is evidently within the limits over which human intelligence may safely pursue its curious search) the means of restoring the chemical conditions necessary to health—then, and not till then, will medicine be exalted to the state of a true science, instead of being, as it now is, a conjectural art surrounded by empiricism and doubt.

In his '*Animal Chemistry*' Liebig certainly opened up a new path of inquiry,—though in pursuing it himself he ran into many errors; and these being detected, have thrown doubt on all his conclusions. Weeding, however, that work of its errors, much remains behind which bears the strong impress of truth—a testimony to the high talent and industry of its author, and of the utmost value to science. In preparing a new edition, finding himself surrounded

by enemies eager to resent the uncourteous manner in which he has attacked them for finding errors in his own works, the Giessen professor has been led to examine anew many of the investigations on which his (often) hasty inductions have been founded. These new investigations have led to new discoveries:—and to these this publication is entirely devoted.

The interest of these '*Researches on the Chemistry of Food*' turns on the existence of some substances in the animal organism which, with one exception, have not hitherto been detected. These are Kreatine—discovered in 1835 by Chevreul, although its existence has been doubted by Berzelius and others,—Kreatinine, Sarcosine and Inosinic acid. Each of these substances, according to Liebig, plays a very important part in the animal economy. Notwithstanding the elaborate examination to which this distinguished chemist has submitted these compound bodies, and the argument which he brings forward in support of his view that these principles exist ready formed in the flesh and blood of animals, it appears to us that their existence, except as the results of decomposition effected by the processes to which the organized matters have been submitted, is somewhat doubtful. The researches on the inorganic constituents of flesh and blood have, we think, a far higher value. These are questions, however, which must be left for chemists themselves to decide. The practical applications of these '*Researches*' are of great value—and in many points claim the attention of all domestic economists. An extract or two from this portion of the volume will be read with interest.

"When finely chopped flesh is extracted with cold water, it loses the whole of the albumen contained in it. The fibrous residue, after being well washed with cold water, if boiled with water is found to be perfectly tasteless; it is clear that all the sapid and odorous constituents of flesh exist in the flesh itself in the soluble state, and consequently, when it is boiled, are transferred to the soup. The smell and taste of roasted flesh arise from the soluble constituents of the juice, which have undergone a slight change under the influence of the higher temperature. Flesh which has been rendered quite tasteless by boiling with water, acquires the taste and all the peculiarities of roasted flesh when it is moistened and warmed with a cold aqueous infusion of raw flesh which has been evaporated till it has acquired a dark brown colour. All sorts of flesh are alike in this respect; the sapid and odorous constituents are present in the roasted flesh in solution, or in the soluble state. The liquid which is obtained by lixiviation of different kinds of flesh with cold water, after it has been heated to boiling, and the albumen thus coagulated, possesses in all cases the well-known general flavour of soup; but each kind, individually, has besides this, a peculiar taste, which recalls the taste and smell of the different sorts of flesh; inasmuch that, when to boiled beef, for example, the concentrated cold aqueous infusion of roe deer venison or of fowl is added, and the whole warmed together, the beef cannot then be distinguished by the taste from the venison or the fowl. A slight addition of lactic acid (a very little fresh sauerkraut, for example) or of chloride of potassium, which is an invariable constituent of all infusions of flesh, heightens the piquancy of the flavour of meat; as on the other hand, an alkaline liquid, or the addition of blood, renders the soup or infusion of meat utterly insipid and mawkish."

Again, on the best method of boiling meat Liebig gives the following:—

"If the flesh intended to be eaten be introduced into the boiler when the water is in a state of brisk ebullition, and if the boiling be kept up for some minutes, then so much cold water added as to reduce the temperature of the water to 165° or 158°, and the whole kept at this temperature for some hours, all the conditions are united which give to the flesh the quality best adapted to its use as food. When it is introduced into the boiling water, the albumen immediately coagulates from the surface inwards,

and in this state forms a crust or shell, which no longer permits the external water to penetrate into the interior of the mass of flesh. But the temperature is gradually transmitted to the interior, and there effects the conversion of the raw flesh into the state of boiled or roasted meat. The flesh retains its juiciness, and is quite as agreeable to the taste as it can be made by roasting; for the chief part of the sapid constituents of the mass is retained, under the circumstances, in the flesh. If we reflect that the albumen of the juice of flesh begins to coagulate at 105°-5 and that it is completely coagulated at 140° (Berzelius), it might be supposed that it would not be necessary in cooking of flesh to expose it to a higher temperature than 140°. But, at that temperature the colouring matter of the blood is not yet coagulated; the flesh indeed is eatable, but when it contains blood, it acquires, under these circumstances a bloody appearance, which it only loses when it has acquired throughout the mass a temperature of 150° to 158°."

There are so many curious subjects and practical applications in this small volume, that it will well repay attentive reading.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Medwin.

[Second Notice.]

OUR article on this subject last week sufficiently states the ground of Shelley's quarrel with the world. More sinned against than sinning, he had been "cradled into poetry by wrong." In song he found relief from suffering. In the bitterness of his spirit, he even indulged a satiric vein. He was at pains to indite an anathema against the Lord Chancellor—but, with characteristic forbearance, neither sent it to its object nor published it. Rightly, his biographer states of this curse, that "our English Juvenal Churchill's, and Byron's satires, were mere gnats compared with the scorpion stings which, ringed with fire, Shelley inflicted." The poet, it is known, sought solace in a second marriage—which was more happy than his first. The daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft had, as it were, been specially educated for him. With her, in July 1814, he left London; and embarking in an open boat from Dover reached Calais—and thence Paris. Resolving, then, to walk through France, he visited Charenton, Neufchâtel, Lucerne, and Brunen;—after which he returned to England, and arrived in London in August. The journey had been a painful one,—and rather impaired than improved his health. In his six weeks' absence he had spent sixty pounds—and was harassed both in mind and body. Capt. Medwin describes him as suffering "the horrors of destitution." To supply his need by means of a profession, he now undertook to walk a hospital—and became thus acquainted with death and disease. But the year 1815 brought hope.

"The Shelley settlement, which is well known by lawyers, and quoted as a masterpiece of that legal casuistry called an entail, was found to contain an ultimate limitation of the reversion of the estates to the grandfather. A celebrated conveyancer, I believe the friend whom I have already mentioned in a former part of these memoirs, has the credit of having made this important discovery; and the consequence was, the fee simple of the estate, after his father's death, was vested in Shelley. He was thus enabled to dispose of it by will as he pleased; and not only this, he had the means of raising money to supply his necessities. Sir Timothy was well aware of his son's position, but was not prepared for the discovery of it. The news fell upon him like a thunderbolt; he was furious; but being desirous of benefiting his family, by the advice of a solicitor, made some arrangement; but whether on a post obit, or what terms, I know not, with Shelley, for an annuity of eight hundred pounds a year."

With an income of 800*l.* a year, the poet was rich,—and might now indulge his taste: but it would appear that, after all, his annuity was not

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This, however, is a point still involved in mystery. His position was remarkable. His mind had, with the exception of his classic studies, grown up entirely under modern influences. It was not to the romances and chivalries of the middle ages—not to our earlier English poetry—that Shelley was primarily indebted for inspiration; but to German writers and the poetry of Southey;—to which he subsequently added that of Coleridge and Wordsworth. These authors had all appeared in the midst of a revolutionary epoch—and had each at one period taken an antagonist position. The spirit of the time had passed through them to Shelley; and, like them, he denounced the abuses which he had felt and seen. He was, as it were, ordained to be the last poet of a revolutionary cycle,—in whom its results were to be summed up. Hence it is that he has borne the fullest measure of blame. After the loud-tongued denial of all good in reigning customs and systems uttered in the 'Queen Mab'—not without hope, nevertheless, for the future—Shelley's indignation subsided, and his mind gradually took a calmer tone: one, indeed, not only calm but solemn—as witness his fine and almost sacred poem of 'Alastor.' In this beautiful piece he indulges without restraint his aspirations after the Ideal, but associates their fulfilment with the Death from which he had escaped:—for, as we learn from Mrs. Shelley, the poet had had only too just reason to fear that, about this period, he was dying of consumption. But the symptoms of pulmonary disease which had alarmed him suddenly vanished; and his health was still further improved by his residence near the Lake of Geneva in the summer of 1816. Lord Byron was there, with his young physician, Polidori:—and this was the first meeting of our poet with the noble Childe. The Campagna Mont'Allegre, or Chapuis, where Shelley resided, lay immediately at the foot of Diodati, Lord Byron's villa,—being separated from it by only a vineyard.

"At the extremity of the terrace, is a secure little port, belonging to the larger villa, and here was moored the boat which formed so much the mutual delight and recreation of the two poets. It was keeled and clinker-built, the only one of the kind on the lake; and which, although Mr. Moore says it was fitted to stand the usual squalls of the climate, was to my mind ill-adapted for the navigation, for it drew too much water, and was narrow and crank. I saw it two years after lying a wreck, and half submerged, though (like Voltaire's pen of which hundreds have been sold as original to Englishmen at Ferney) there was at that time a chateau at Geneva that went by the name of Byron's. The real boat was the joint property of the two poets, and in this frail vessel Shelley used to brave at all hours *Bises* which none of the *barques* could face. These north-easters are terrific; they follow the course of the lake, and increasing in violence as they drive along in blackening gusts, spread themselves at last on the devoted town to which they are real pestilences."

In the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'—as afterwards in his poem of 'Mont Blanc,' written about this time—we remark Shelley's enfranchisement from his early doubts, and the growing influence of his Platonic readings,—with which also he appears to have indoctrinated Byron. Capt. Medwin in his remarks on these has done justice to Shelley; but in talking of the Pantheism of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the unintelligible systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, delivers himself unconsciously of much exploded prejudice. It was now, indeed, that Shelley conceived a new kind of poetry—the Poetry of Ideas according to Plato. Abandoning the Terrible, he had transferred his allegiance to Love and Beauty. 'The Revolt of Islam' was written at Marlow in 1817, and printed in the same year; in which also the poet composed 'Prince Athanase,' parts of

'Rosalind and Helen,' and some minor lyrics, together with a pamphlet, now lost, on the Princess Charlotte's death, entitled 'The Hermit of Marlow.' Shelley's name is still remembered in this place—as his biographer found on visiting it.—

"The inhabitants," says Capt. Medwin, "are proud of having harboured the poet, and counted him among their number. I was surprised indeed, considering the low and disgraceful state of education in England, to find that any of them were acquainted with his works, and hailed the circumstance as a pledge of his immortality,—and an immortal work is 'The Revolt of Islam.' He had originally, it would seem, after 'The Divine Comedy,' intended to have written it in *terza rima*, of which he made an experiment in 'Prince Athanase'; but soon after abandoned that metre, as too monotonous and artificial, and adopted instead the stanza of Spenser, which he wields as none have ever done before him. The fragment of 'Prince Athanase' is valuable as the first conception of a great picture by a great master. In this sketch of the prince we find the germs of the character of Laon. Athanase is a youth nourished in dreams of liberty, animated by a resolution to confer the boons of civil and religious liberty on his fellow men; and the poet doubtless meant to have created for him a companion endued with the same enthusiasm. * * This poem occupied six months. It was composed as he floated in his skiff on the Thames, reclined beneath its willow and alder fringed banks, or took refuge from the noonday solstician heats in some island only the haunt of the swan. A Marlow gentleman told me, Shelley spent frequently whole nights in his boat, taking up his occasional abode at a small inn down the river, which I imagine must have been at Cookham. We find everywhere scattered about this poem strikingly faithful drawings of the scenery near and about Marlow; and with 'The Revolt of Islam' in my hand I, for nearly a month, traversed the stream up and down, from the sequestered and solemn solitudes of the deep woods of Clifden on the one hand to the open sunniness of the enamelled meadows of Henley on the other, and often fancied myself in the very spots so graphically drawn."

'The Revolt of Islam' was, after all, not calculated for popularity. Whether from disappointment with this result or some other cause, Shelley, next year, finally quitted England for Italy. Capt. Medwin relates an episode which, we believe, is new,—and which we therefore cite; but, for obvious reasons, without comment. Before Shelley's departure from London in 1814, he received a visit from a married lady, young, handsome, and of noble connexions, who, prompted by the perusal of his 'Queen Mab,' proposed to yield up all that belonged to her position that she might follow Shelley through the world, attaching her fortune, which was considerable, to his. From this embarrassing situation the poet, it is said, delivered himself with signal address and grace:—but the infatuated *incognita*, nevertheless, pursued him to the Continent.—

"He had given her a clue to his place of destination, Geneva. She traced him to Secheron—used to watch him with her glass in his water parties on the lake. On his return to England, he thought she had long forgotten him; but her constancy was untired. During his journey to Rome and Naples, she once lodged with him at the same hotel, *en route*, and finally arrived at the latter city the same day as himself. * * He must have been more or less than man, to have been unmoved by the devotedness of this unfortunate and infatuated lady. At Naples, he told me that they met, and when he learnt from her all those particulars of her wanderings, of which he had been previously ignorant; and at Naples—she died."

With this circumstance Capt. Medwin thinks that Mrs. Shelley was unacquainted; and that she accordingly attributed to physical causes a dejection at this period which was due to the sad event. He thinks that the poet's 'Invocation to Misery' alluded to it. Mrs. Shelley certainly writes that at this time

"many hours were passed when her husband's thoughts, shadowed by illness, became gloomy; and then he escaped to solitude, and in verses which he hid from fear of wounding her poured forth morbid but too natural bursts of discontent and sorrow." The poems claimed by Capt. Medwin as likewise associated with this incident, are the 'Stanzas on Dejection' and the lines 'On a Faded Violet.'

"Shelley told me," Capt. Medwin continues, "that his departure from Naples was precipitated by this event. * * He reached Rome for the second time in March, 1819, and there took up his abode, having completed, before his departure, the first Act of his 'Prometheus Unbound.'"

'The Masque of Anarchy' and 'The Cenci' were soon after composed. While engaged on the last, Shelley heard in the street the oft-repeated cry, "Cenci, Cenci!"—which he at first thought the echo of his own soul; but he soon learned that it was one of the cries of Rome—*cenci* meaning "old rags." An apparently trivial story, this;—yet to our mind very suggestive. The extraordinary dramatic power evinced in 'The Cenci' commands the recognition of most critics—but Capt. Medwin demurs to the general opinion. He considers that the poet had therein "turned his mind from the bent of its natural inclinations." Shelley had told him, he says, that "it was with the greatest possible effort and struggle with himself that he could be brought to write 'The Cenci'; and great as that tragedy is, his fame," continues his biographer, "must rest not on it, but on his mighty Rhymes—the deep-felt inspiration of his 'Choral Melodies.'"

The influence of the Greek and Italian poetry on Shelley's mind is evident. At a later period he learned something from the Spanish, and profited much by his mastery of Calderon. He was also a great reader of Dante; and thought that no translation of him could be adequate that was not in *terza rima*.—

"I asked him," says Capt. Medwin, "if he had never attempted this, and looking among his papers, he showed, and gave me to copy, the following fragment from the 'Purgatorio,' which leaves on the mind an inextinguishable regret that he had not completed—nay, more, that he did not employ himself in rendering—other of the finest passages. In no language has inspiration gone beyond this picture of exquisite beauty, which undoubtedly suggested to Tennyson his 'Vision of Fair Women':—

And earnest to explore within—around
That divine wood, whose thick green living roof
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound

Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof,
With slow—slow steps—leaving the mountain's steep,
And sought those leafy labyrinths, motion-proof

Against the air, that in that stillness, deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare,
Like a sweet breathing of a child in sleep.

* * * * *

Already had I lost myself so far,
Amid that tangled wilderness, that I
Perceived not where I entered—but no fear

Of wandering from my way disturbed, when night,
A little stream appeared; the grass that grew
Thick on its banks, impeded suddenly

My going on. Water of purest dew
On earth, would appear turbid and impure,
Compared with this—whose unconcealing hue,

Dark—dark—yet clear, moved under the obscure
Of the close boughs, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine would endure.

My feet were motionless, but 'mid the glooms
Darted my charmed eyes, contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May-blooms

That starred that night; when even as a thing
That suddenly for blank astonishment
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing,

Appeared a solitary maid—she went
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.

Bright lady! who if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower

Unto this bank—prithce O! let me win
This much of thee—O come! that I may hear
Thy song: like Proserpine, in Enna's glen

to those who know how to propitiate them, is shown by the following story:—

Close by Stulpe, and at the foot of the Gohn Mountain, these little light-men are often seen; and an old man who had lived in that neighbourhood for many years frequently saw them dancing merrily before him as he returned home late at night from carousing in the village. If it was very dark, or a heavy fall of snow had taken place, he would call out to one of these little light-men, "Come, and light me home!" This it would do instantly, going before him until he had reached his dwelling-place, where it vanished. Then he laid a halfpenny upon the sill of the door, —and was sure to find it gone the next morning. By that means, he secured the good offices of his little attendants as he returned home from his next merry-making.

But dismissing these *ignes fatui*, by referring the reader desirous of knowing more of the Folk-Lore which exists upon the subject of them to Mr. Jabez Allie's interesting brochure 'On the Ignis Fatuus, or Will-o'-the-Wisp, and the Fairies'—and the scientific inquirer as to the cause of the phenomenon to a dissertation in the 51st livraison of the *Revue Britannique* entitled 'Observations Physiques sur les Feux-Follets,' (an article which I have not had an opportunity of consulting),—let us turn our attention to the trick which Puck played upon poor Bottom; and, long as is the quotation, we must describe it in Shakespeare's own inimitable language:—

My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skinned of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's head I fixed on his head.
Anon, his Thibie must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes; when they him spy
As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russet-palmed choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly.
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel match;
Some sleeves; some hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania waked and straightway loved an Ass.*

Though 'The Mad Pranks and Merry Jest of Robin Goodfellow' which Mr. Collier supposes Shakespeare to have been acquainted with, did not furnish him with any authority for the ludicrous transformation which he makes Puck affect in the person of honest "Nick Bottom," who had been selected to play Pyramus, because "Pyramus is a sweetfaced man,"—there can be little question that the possibility of such transformations was in his day an article of popular belief.

This may be inferred from the following passage from Reginald Scot's 'Discoveries of Witchcraft,' book xiii. ch. 19: where he is speaking of certain great matters that may be wrought by Art Magic:—

"As for example, if I affirm that with certain charms and popish prayers I can set an horse or an asses head upon a man's shoulders I shall not be believed; or if I do it I shall be thought a witch. And yet, if I. Bap. Neap experiments be true, it is no difficult matter to make it seem so; and the charm of a witch or papist joined with the experiment, will also make the wonder seem to proceed thereof. The words used in such case are uncertain, and to be recited at the pleasure of the witch or cosener. But the conclusion of this, cut off the head of a horse, or an ass, (before they be dead, otherwise the virtue or strength thereof will be the less effectual), and make an earthen vessel of fit capacity to contain the same, and let it be filled with the oyl and fat thereof, cover it close, and dawk it over with lome; let it boyll over a soft fire three days continually, that the flesh boyled may run into oyl, so as the bare bones may be seen, beat the hair into powder and mingle the same with the oyl;

* Although our quotation is from the edition dated in 1665, it must be borne in mind that the book appeared as early as 1594.

and anoint the heads of the standers by, and they shall seem to have horses or asses heads. If beasts heads be anointed with the oyl made of a man's head, they shall seem to have men's faces, as divers authors soberly affirm."

This trick of Puck's may, however, have been suggested to Shakespeare by one that is related of the world-renowned Doctor Faustus. That Shakespeare knew of Faustus we see by his allusion to him in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' where Bardolph speaks of "three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses";—and in the forty-third chapter of 'The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus,'* which tells "how Dr. Faustus feasted his guests on Ash-Wednesday,"—we read, "The guests having sat, and well eat and drank, Dr. Faustus made that every one had an ass's head on, with great and long ears, so they fell to dancing, and to drive away the time until it was midnight, and then every one departed home, and as soon as they were out of the house, each one was in his natural shape, and so they ended and went to sleep." Now, although from the uncertainty which at present prevails as to when the English story-book was first printed it cannot be asserted that Shakespeare was acquainted with it, the probability is that he was so,—or, at least, might have been. In the first place, we know that the German Volksbuch, which corresponds with our English one, was printed at Frankfurt in 1587; and here let me remark that some of the German antiquaries have regarded the history of Faust as of English origin:—and in the next place we have the fact that 'The Second Report of Dr. John Faustus, containing his Appearances and the Deeds of Wagner,' was published in this country as early as 1594; from which we may reasonably infer the existence of an earlier edition of the tract before alluded to.

The readers of the beautiful German tales of Musäus doubtless remember his story of Rubezahl— or, as the translator of the selection of them (said to be no less a person than the late Mr. Beckford) which appeared in 1791 under the title of 'Popular Tales of the Germans' anglicized his name, Number Nip. They cannot have been otherwise than struck with the resemblance between this tricksome spirit of the Giant Mountains and our own Puck; but may probably have ascribed no small portion of this resemblance to the manner in which Musäus has told his story. The resemblance is, however, very great; and is perhaps still more so when we read the simple legends in which Rubezahl figures, than in Musäus's witty and spirited tale. These traditions were first collected by Prætorius, in the middle of the seventeenth century, in a work which I have not had the good fortune to have the opportunity of consulting.† A selection of the merry tricks recorded by Prætorius is inserted in Busching's Collection of Popular Traditions, Tales, and Stories;‡ and with an extract from one of these, which will serve to establish the resemblance between Puck and Rubezahl, and to show that the transformation which poor Bottom underwent was a common incident in works of popular fiction, we will conclude this chapter.—Rubezahl has been entertaining a party of guests in a deserted hostelry in which he had taken up his abode; and after having related the various proofs of his extraordinary powers which he had given, the story runs:—

And when they had been thus merry for some time, one among them said to Rubezahl, "Sir host, I pray you be so kind as to show us some pretty sportive jest." But Rubezahl said, "There is enough this time: this time you and the other lords have seen enough." All the lords agreed with Rubezahl, saying "The pastime would indeed be superfluous." But he who had spoken persevered, and begged so hard for one, as a sort of night-cap or sleeping draught, that Rubezahl, at length, said "It shall be so." In a trice this same guest had gotten on his shoulders an ox's head with great horns, just like the head of a real ox.

* This is reprinted as well as 'The Second Report' in the Early Prose Romances, Vol. III.

† Under the title 'Dæmonologia Rubinzallii Silesii,' the third edition of which was published at Leipsic in 1668.

‡ 'Volks-Sagen, Märchen und Legenden,' gesammelt von J. G. Busching. The Rubezahl Legends form also the subject of the following works:—I. 'Die Wunderbaren Mährlein von Bergzeist Rubezahl,' von Dr. Heinrich Döring, Leipzig, no date. II. 'Rubezahl oder Volksagen im Reisenberg,' published in 1821; and III. 'Das Buch vom Rubezahl,' &c. von J. Lysar, Leipzig, 1834.

At this sight the rest of the company began to laugh at and mock him. This angered him, and he sought to reproach them for so doing, but when he tried to speak, he could only bellow for all the world as if he had been a living ox: and when he lifted a cup to his mouth and tried to drink out of it, he could not get a draught of wine, his lips were so much too large. At length Rubezahl's servant brought him some in a large vat, by which means he was enabled to get a hearty draught. Thus had the lords their sport with the ox; and well pleased were they with this merry jest.

In the meanwhile a rumour of what had happened reached the ears of this gentleman's wife; upon which she, with some of her companions, rode after her husband, and alighted at Rubezahl's dwelling. On entering she was informed that her husband had got an ox's head; and, when she found it was so, she addressed the foulest language to Rubezahl, for putting this shame upon her husband. Rubezahl spoke mildly to her in reply, telling her to hold her tongue. This, too, did the other guests; but in vain. Upon this Rubezahl conjured a cow's head with horns complete, upon the poor woman's shoulders: at the sight of which the laughter increased; and when the poor woman tried to remonstrate, she only began to bawl, and so did the ox likewise.

Merry indeed were all faces then, and right merrily wore they their caps: and in this spirit did the guests all go to sleep together, and snore the whole night through. And when they awoke, early on the following, lo! there they all lay on an open heath. The occurrences of the preceding day seemed no more than a dream: yet some of them guessed shrewdly, that this was a merry jest which had been put upon them by Rubezahl.

HERAPATH'S MATHEMATICAL PHYSICS.

[We have received another letter from Mr. Herapath—of which, at his request, we print so much as enables him to state his argument against us. We do not feel called on to make room for remarks which insinuate against us any other motive in our notice of the writer's volume than the desire to give an account of it according to our conscience and our best judgment.]

Kensington, Sept. 20.

My reference to the error you had fallen into, would, I thought, be sufficient, with the volumes in your hands, to enable you to detect and acknowledge it. Great, therefore, was my surprise to read in your last number your persistence in charging me with building my work on an hypothesis which I repeat is not to be found in it, and your assertion that "the author's words stand in evidence against himself." The point between us is not one of opinion, but of fact. Either I have used the hypothesis which you say I have, or I have not. If I have, it must appear in some one of the definitions, axioms, or propositions. In which one it is I should feel obliged by your pointing out; for though the author of the work, I declare my ignorance of such an hypothesis. If I could have been so absurd as to assume the principle of gravitation to explain itself, I should hardly have called so well-established a truth an hypothesis.

But to show that you have mistaken for "Mr. Herapath's hypothesis" a mere allusion to gravitation as one of Nature's agents, the very next paragraph begins with—"Heat is a second great agent with a cause hitherto hidden": and in the following page it is stated—"Chemical combination is a third great agent." Again, in page 14 of the Introduction are these specific words—"We hardly know whether it is proper to rank electricity and magnetism among such agents as gravity, heat, and chemical combination."

You observe—"it would have been more satisfactory if he" (the author) "had briefly stated his hypothesis correctly," &c. Had I gone into any account of the work, it might have been construed into a wish to seize the opportunity your notice had afforded me of parading it forth before your readers. However, as you think it would be more satisfactory briefly to state the principles of the work, I will do so by one or two quotations.

"Matter as observed is composed of hard, solid, inert atoms, indestructible, indivisible, and of different sizes and figures. Whether they are all of one den-

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ity is not considered, but it is possible they are."—
(Introduction, p. xx.)

"Heat is considered with Bacon and Newton to consist in the intestinal motion of the particles of bodies."—(Ibid. p. xxii.) and temperature is measured by the motion or momentum of the particles individually.

These (if the former can be called an hypothesis) are the only hypotheses. It is afterwards shown "that if a number of small bodies be enclosed in any hollow body, and be continually impinging on one another and on the sides of the enclosing body,—and if the motions of the bodies be conserved by an equivalent action in the sides of the containing body, then will these small bodies compose a medium, whose elastic force will be like that of our air and other gaseous bodies" (p. 15, v. i.); and the laws mathematically deduced coincide with every known fact, as far as I can find, concerning air, and not in general laws only, but in numerical quantities. The laws of expansion and contraction of air,—the quantity of heat generated or destroyed by their compression and dilatation,—the precise diminution of temperature and barometric pressure in connexion with altitudes in the atmosphere,—the true velocity of sound,—the laws of diffusion, percolation, &c., of air,—together with numberless other phenomena,—come out agreeing as perfectly as possible with experiment.

Again, if all space is, as Newton supposed, filled with such an air, the particles of which are exceedingly minute, the mathematical laws of its pressure on the particles of bodies would produce phenomena and laws exactly coinciding with all the known laws of gravitation; and present another law respecting the influence of heat on the intensity of gravitation, which experiment has yet to examine.

From the above sketch, imperfect as it is, as to the extent of subjects treated of, you will perceive that to assail the 'Mathematical Physics' successfully, it must be by showing the mathematical reasoning to be false, or that any well-established facts are against legitimate deductions from its principles. If you can do this, I admit you will overturn the work; but general observations and declamation every man of science knows are perfectly "valueless" against any mathematico-physical work; and more particularly against one agreeing, as the work in question does, with so very large a field of phenomena.

There is one part of your notice better founded than I could wish. You seem to complain of the number of mathematical expressions in the book. I regret that there are so many; and I was anxious to avoid them,—for I have a great aversion to mathematical display. I therefore began to write after the plan of the 'Principia' (see the first four propositions of Sec. 2, B. 2); but was obliged to abandon it, or the work would have extended to two or three times its present size, and the reasoning would have been very difficult to follow. For the sake of the reader, therefore, I adopted algebraic symbols; and I think it will be found, with the exception of a few propositions of a difficult character, that I have succeeded in reducing the whole to the comprehension of men of very moderate mathematical attainments.

I AM, &c. JOHN HERAPATH.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Herapath that "the point between us is not one of opinion, but of fact." We have given two quotations,—one from the Introduction, and the other from the second page of the first book; and upon these we take our stand,—merely adding the paragraph that immediately follows the last,—which will, we think, convince our readers that we have not misrepresented the author of 'Mathematical Physics.'—

Such a general relation has long been suspected by the most distinguished philosophers; and if it shall appear that the following work establishes that relation, I shall feel gratified, not on my own account, but because of the service it will render to science and truth.

The statement now given by Mr. Herapath of his hypothesis is additional evidence that we were not in error in the view which we took; and we again assert that all "his definitions, axioms, or propositions" lose much of their value whilst they are based upon an assumption. Although by mathematical analysis it may be rendered probable that an hypothesis approaches towards a correct explanation of a phenomenon, it is not, therefore, by any means established for a truth,—and it will require the evidence of a more cautious observer and a more rigid analyst

than Mr. Herapath himself to place the hypotheses which he quotes in the position of remote probabilities. We were disposed to deal as favourably as possible with a work which bears evidence of ability,—and refrained from any remarks that might be thought disparaging to it. It is, however, evident that the author is not himself entirely satisfied with the position which he has assumed. He says,—"With regard to the materials of the work, it is composed of parts written at widely different periods, and with different objects in view. Considerable dissimilarity, therefore, in style and execution may be found. It has not been in my power to avoid that, unless I had entirely rewritten the work,—a task for which I was neither disposed nor had leisure; I have not even been able to re-read several portions of it."—After such a confession as this from one who attempts the solution of the highest problems of physical science, we are not surprised at the manner in which Mr. Herapath is disposed to avoid those positions to which we have objected; and shift his argument to others,—which do not, it is true, appear to us in any respect more firmly established than the first.

We repeat that the 'Mathematical Physics' is an able work; but a little too loosely hung together,—and open to the objection which Bacon made in his day against most mathematicians. "They," he says, "should carry themselves as handmaids to Physique;" but "boasting their certainty above it, they take upon them a command and dominion."—We have been unwilling to refuse Mr. Herapath the right of reply which he claimed; but a discussion of this kind, it must be understood, can be carried no further in our columns.

DISCOVERERS AND DISCOVERIES.

A book came into my hands some days ago, neatly printed—full of quotations which showed reading, and of confidence in its results—entitled 'How are Worlds made?' As this is precisely one of the things I want particularly to know, I looked through the book; and found the staple of it to be three distinct laws,—that the ellipticities, eccentricities, and inclinations of all the heavenly orbits are always diminishing in every case. Setting out of view that such is not the fact,—I rather fixed my thoughts upon the curiosity of the phenomenon that a person who is not mathematician enough to know that the ellipticity and eccentricity necessarily increase or diminish together should imagine he had outstripped all the mathematical astronomers who ever lived. Your literary readers would have found him out if he had announced as two distinct laws—first, that the fraction called *eccentricity* is always diminishing; secondly, that its *double* is always diminishing. They would have commissioned you to say on their parts—Good sir, though eccentricity be a word we know more about as applied to you than to your planets, yet up to a certain point we hold ourselves scientific; and if you will only tell us all about your [planetary] eccentricity, we will find out about its double for ourselves. To a man of the smallest astronomical knowledge there would appear just the same sort of absurdity in announcing as distinct the laws of eccentricity and ellipticity.

Now, I just know enough about the ideas of the mathematician to be aware that as soon as he is satisfied he has a good glimpse of a process, he studies its repetition. Accordingly, from 'How are Worlds made?' I passed to 'How are Worlds made?' I passed to 'How are Worlds made?' How comes it that anybody who pleases can begin from a point in advance of every one else in science only; when in poetry and the fine arts, in which it is admitted there is some inspiration, no such thing ever happens as a tyro's epic being produced in express defiance of Milton, or his painting being addressed as a challenge to the admirers of Rubens? There are two reasons—the ostensible, and the true. The former addresses itself to the *may be*—the latter to the *for aught we know*. First, it is not morally certain that the best poem has not been written or the best painting not been painted; but it is morally certain that the utmost advances in science have not been made. Secondly, those who can profess to form an opinion as to whether an asserted discovery is worth attention, are few: while those who can judge a work of imagination, rightly or wrongly, are many.

In astronomy we have two divisions of speculators: first, those who cannot even calculate—among whom we place the one we have just left; secondly, those who can calculate, put numbers together, use logarithms, work out a formula, but do not know what to do with their skill. There is one of the second class before me, who has lately written a work in which he has found out that the attraction of the planet Neptune upon Uranus—by which the former was this time last year discovered to exist—is a mistake altogether. He syllogises as follows:—Saturn attracts Uranus much more than Neptune (proved by a long calculation—nobody disputes it); Saturn does not disturb the motions of Uranus at all;—therefore Neptune does not. The second of these propositions is false;—and the conclusion would not necessarily follow, if it were true. What is an uninformed reader to do when he comes upon such a work as this:—plenty of figures, constant appeal to them, occasional coincidence with admitted results? This second class of calculators, as compared with the pure speculators, always reminds me of a story which is told about a prince of the last generation, who asked his music-master how he, the prince, was getting on.—"Sir," said the master, "there are two stages for a beginner:—first, there is pick out note, beat time, not play at all. Next there is play, but play very bad. Now your Royal Highness is just beginning the second stage." There would be no objection to these latter performers if they would cease to take their fiddles into the orchestra.

There are several classes of these discoverers who look through the wrong end of the telescope, and fill up the consequent littleness and indistinctness of all which they see from their own imaginations. The worst of these classes, to my thinking, is the astronomical one:—just as the astrologers were the most pernicious of the mystics who fixed themselves upon incipient sciences. Of these, the first division, the non-calculators, are generally cosmogonists. If they oppose results of calculation, it is usually by interpretation of the Book of Genesis. The second, the calculators, are most frequently Anti-Newtonians. Fortunately for them, Copernicus was neglected and Galileo persecuted. They would be the first, but that—thanks to you more than to any other journal of late years—they are the second. The scientific periodicals let them alone, with the occasional exception of the *Mechanics Magazine*;—which is quite right not to do so, since it has a larger proportion of readers liable to be taken in than the others. You, on your part, have, no doubt, felt that many of your readers might be subject to hear of wonderful works which are smothered by the *subtlety* of the savans:—a quality which one of our discoverers imputes to them, as being shown by the heathen gods and goddesses whom they have placed in the heavens. I confess to have mused on this particular illustration without a clue, till I remembered the story which Smollett tells of an Englishman who took off his hat to an antique statue of Jupiter at Rome, and said—"Sir, if ever you get your head above water again, I hope you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." And then I knew that the philosophers were cunning fellows.

I have lately seen several works advertised which my instinct told me belong to the class which I have been describing:—and, so far as appears, they have not been sent to you. Now this, if so, is both ungrateful and impolitic. Must not all great men suffer obliquely at first? Is not the blood of the martyrs the seed of the Church? And as to you, are you not as fond of them as Petit-André was of his jerry-come-tumbles in the fiction, or Isaac Walton of the frog whom he used as a friend in the reality? These recusants have no proper pride. They should remember what Mawworm says—"I likes to be despised!" When their day of triumph comes and they take the place of Newton, it will much diminish their satisfaction if they cannot point to some puny efforts to decry their results. And here are you, willing to gibbet yourself (as one of them has told you that you have done) and to go down to posterity with Zolius, and the rest of them—while they will not so much as send a copy to make part of the platform. It is really too bad:—"Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed!"

Seriously, your readers must not think you are of no use when treating their productions as they de-

found north of the Alps, I should not have dreamed of being in Italy. Purling brooks and dashing streams and shady well-wooded walks rendered the illusion most complete. I might have been in Switzerland or some parts of Germany. Yet how comparatively little known is this exquisite spot to the majority of my countrymen who run down to be broiled at Castellamare, or shut themselves within the walls of Sorrento!

Amongst the many resources of a visitor to Capo di Cava, is a visit to the Benedictine Monastery of La Trinità: famed for the beauty of its site, its antiquity, its wealth, and its literary treasures. On the Sunday morning I heard High Mass performed there; and was greatly delighted with the organ—which I can compare only to that of Catania. The community consists of upwards of a hundred persons—monks, novices and pupils included: though there are not more than fifteen Padri,—and those, as is usual with the Benedictines, are of the highest families. Having made the acquaintance of two of the librarians, Padre Corney and Padre Riso, I was indebted to them for much courtesy and permission to examine the archives; which are extremely rich. It is a widely spread error that the French, at the occupation of the kingdom, destroyed or carried off many of the manuscripts of La Trinità; and I find that Mrs. Starke, the Englishman's "vade-mecum," repeats the error. Nothing, however, can be more unfounded,—as the Librarians assured me. Many have been lost, it is true,—but during internal convulsions and centuries since. In all, the monastery possesses 24,000 *pergamene*,—consisting of public authorized acts, which would be of great value in drawing up a history of the Lombard rule in these countries. The most ancient is an act of endowment, by a man of Nocera, of his wife, with the fourth part of his property.—this bears the date of 793. Another, dated 1030, bears the signature of Ego Rogerius, by which the king confers a *feudo*, in Sicily, on the monastery. Another act I examined, drawn up between two knights of Nocera, with their signatures gilded, as was the mode with persons of noble birth. Perhaps the most beautiful office of the Madonna that I have seen is contained in this monastery. The illustrations are by Beato Angelico of Fiesoli; and for variety of expression and delicacy of execution they are unequalled. My attention, however, was particularly attracted by a Bible of the eighth century; exquisitely written, and curious as containing one hundred and fifty psalms,—that is, one more than the canonical number. As a literary curiosity I send the additional one to you,—not knowing if the public be already in possession of it.

Hic Paulus proprie scriptus in David cum pugnaret

adversus Goliath solus.

*Paulus erat inter fratres meos
Et adolescentior in domo patris mei
Puerum oves patris mei
Mons me fecerat organum
Et dixit mihi aptaverunt palatium
Quia adiuvavit Dominus meo ipso Dominus
Ipse hominum exauditor
Ipse mihi angelum suum et tulit me de ovibus patris mei
Et exiit me in misericordia unctionis sue
Patris autem mei boni et magni
Et non fuit beneficium in eis Domini
Exiit olivam alienigenam
Et defutavit me in simulacris suis
Ipse autem evaginavit ab eo ipsius gladio
Imputavi caput ejus
Et abstuli opprobrium a filiis Israel.*

I noted one other deed, entitled 'Codice della Legge dei Longobardi,' bearing date 1004:—and having completed my cursory examination, and made arrangements for another visit shortly with a view to closer researches, I left the spacious monastery.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The "Society for the Promotion of the Religious, Moral and Intellectual Improvement of the Men employed in Manufactories" have forwarded to us a list of lectures to be delivered to the working men of London during the coming winter months in various localities over which its auxiliaries are spread. Nine libraries, we are informed, are now working in London in connexion with this Society; the books of which are widely circulated among the workmen of the various manufactories.—We need not say that this is matter of congratulation or otherwise in proportion as these books are selected in a right educational spirit. The value of such an extending or-

ganization depends upon its catholicity. On running our eye over the courses of lectures announced, we think that they represent very favourably the intentions of this Association. Much valuable instruction is indicated by the titles; and so far as titles can, they vouch for the absence of any sectarian purpose.—We regret to add another to the list of literary institutions which are broken up or endangered for want of the necessary support. In consequence of the Windsor and Eton Institution being in this depressed state, a meeting of the members was especially convened last week for the purpose of considering the propriety of dissolving the Society. It appeared from the Report of the Committee that the debts amount to about 200l. In this case, however, it was determined that a public subscription should be commenced to pay them off and place the establishment on a secure foundation:—and between 60l. and 70l. were given on the spot.

A paragraph has been going the round of the papers—and was copied from them into the *Athenæum*—stating that a military cemetery and mausoleum are about to be formed, with the sanction of the Commander-in-chief, on Shooter's Hill. The design, we are informed, is that of a public general cemetery on fifty acres of the Castle lands there:—in the centre of which, on the site of Severndroog Castle, it is intended to erect a mausoleum dedicated to officers, soldiers, and sailors of the British army and navy and the East India Company's Service. This mausoleum, according to the statement, is intended to receive tablets to the memory of the dead, and the escutcheons of living members of the professions who may have earned distinction:—but the approval of the heads of the military and naval departments has yet to be obtained.

It took thousands of years to make such a trip as that from England to the United States a less than three months' voyage: and as long to bring the primary planets within their own bodies—that is to say, to manage that the point of the heavens on which it was predicted that the centre of one of them should fall at a given time should turn out to be, at that time, so near the real centre as to be on the body of the planet. But we have before us observations of Neptune received from the United States, made August 18-23, and compared with the predicted places published in England by Mr. Adams at the end of June. These observations—which prove that we can go to America and back in less than three months—also show that the centre of Neptune, the planet of last year, is now distant from the place in which it was predicted to be by much less than the five hundredth-part of the sun's or moon's apparent diameter.

Mr. Hind has written to the *Times* to say that the comet announced [see *ante*, p. 960] as having been found by M. Schweizer, of Moscow, is not a new one, but identical with that discovered three weeks previously by M. Brorsen at Altona. M. Schweizer, of course, was not aware, he adds, of this circumstance.—Prof. Schumacher writes to Mr. Hind that M. Schweizer estimated the position, R.A. 2h. 0m, declination north 65° 30'. It moved rapidly towards Psi Casiopeæ. Last night, says the professor, M. Brorsen found it here; but the observation cannot be reduced, as the star of comparison is yet unknown. He estimated the position very roughly at R.A. 22h. 24m., north declination 65° 35' on September 10th, at 9h. 30m. The hourly motion in R.A. is —49 seconds of time; that in declination cannot be deduced from the observations. The comet is very faint.—Mr. Hind adds, M. d'Arrest, of the Berlin Observatory, writes me, that having in vain endeavoured to represent the apparent path by a parabola, he had calculated elliptical elements; and the period of revolution appears to be about 28 years. This comet is therefore likely to prove a body of considerable importance in the solar system.

The manuscript works left by the late Dr. Chalmers, to which we alluded last week, are, it is now said, to be edited by the Rev. William Hanna, son-in-law of the author, and successor to Sir David Brewster in the editorship of *The North British Review*. The works will consist of, firstly, 'Daily Scripture Readings,' beginning with Genesis and ending with the book of Jeremiah—secondly, 'Sabbath Meditations on the Holy Scriptures,' embracing a considerable portion of the Old and the whole of the New

Testament;—thirdly, 'Theological Institutes;'—fourthly, 'Lectures on Butler's 'Analogy';—and fifthly, 'Discourses.' These, it is expected, will extend to nine large volumes. The 'Life and Correspondence' will, it is said, occupy, in all probability, four more. The life of the reverend author is an autobiography—having been left, it is added, in a complete form by himself.

The *Caledonian Mercury* takes advantage of the contest now going on for the chair of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh to call the attention of the town council, who have the right of appointment, to the importance of its being henceforth regarded as something more than a mere professorship of Hebrew. That language, it contends, should be taught with more fulness and criticism than it has hitherto been in the universities of Scotland; while the professor should, at the same time, be well acquainted with the other leading Oriental languages, both dead and living—particularly with the principal languages of India. So important, says the *Mercury*, is this idea, that these languages will henceforth be taught even in the Edinburgh Hill-street Institution. Among the candidates for the chair is said to be Mr. Liston—himself a graduate of the University of Edinburgh; who, besides being an eminent Hebraist, possesses the recommendation of having spent a number of years in India and Persia, in adding to his Oriental scholarship a colloquial knowledge of the various languages and dialects of the east.

The Cambrian subjects of Her Majesty have been gratified by the Queen's nomination of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to be patron of the next Eisteddfod, to take place at Abergavenny in the autumn of 1848. On that occasion, His Royal Highness will have the giving of a prize of twenty-five guineas for "the best critical Essay on the History of the Language and Literature of Wales, from the time of Gruffydd ap Cynan (and Merlin) to that of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd (and Gwilym Ddŷ), accompanied with specimens, both in the original and in a close (English or Latin) translation, of the Poems most characteristic of that period."

Tom Thump's secretary has furnished to one of the *Syracuse papers* a statement of that little great man's receipts in Europe—which have amounted, it appears, to 150,000l. sterling, or 750,000 dollars. Greatly pleased, and seemingly not a little astonished, at his golden result, a variety of ingenious speculations are entered into, the moral of all which is a comparison of the greatness of the sum with the littleness which has earned it. "Reckoning," it is said, "fifty-six sovereigns to the pound avoirdupois, this is 3,678 pounds of gold,—one hundred and seventy-eight times his own weight. In silver, the weight would be 46,375 pounds. Calculating that an ordinary horse would draw eight hundred and fifty pounds, it would require fifty-five horses to draw the precious load. As the general only weighs fifteen pounds, the silver would make 3,125 statues of his own weight. Calculating that each dollar measures one inch and a half, it would reach in a straight line about twenty-five miles; and supposing each dollar is one-eighth of an inch in thickness, piled one upon the other it would reach over a mile and a half in height."—Turning it over after this fashion, there are many other morals which the money yields. The sum is at once satisfactory and suggestive. It measures the value of royal patronage and the value of dwarfishness. There might be pain in counting how many years it takes to make up such a sum for the "giants." It is something in these days to be the "smubbed" of nature. The natural "Wooden Spoon" is born with a golden spoon in his mouth. Fortune appears in the new character of a redresser of wrongs and distributor of compensations. It is well, in our time, to be a mannikin!—whereas of old the class had only our pity. A single cubit added to the stature of Tom Thump—and he had probably been a beggar:—and so, the tall men amongst us, who overtop their fellows and tower nearest to their stars, neglected by a court which keeps its sympathies for the unfortunate, pay the penalty of their greatness, and live poor.

We see with great regret, by the daily papers, that Miss Grace Aguilar—whom so short a time since the "women of Israel" honoured by a testimonial recording her literary services to her nation—has died at Frankfort, after a long and painful illness,

at the early age of thirty-two. Graceful as were her works, they were yet more full of promise than of performance:—and there is something very touching in an event which connects the honours that were meant to cheer her on her literary path into a "garland hung upon her tomb."

From Paris, we hear that the collections brought home by M. de Castelnau have been deposited in the Orangerie of the Museum of Natural History—where for the present they are accessible only to the peers, deputies, and members of the French Institute.

The Paris papers notice a discovery which has just been made of a vein of platinum in the metamorphic district of the Valley of the Drac. Hitherto this precious metal—which combines with incomparable hardness the lustre of gold and silver—has only been met with in the Ural Mountains; and its scarcity has always rendered the price very exorbitant.

The Scientific Congress at Tours closed on the 11th instant. The subscribers were 150, of which only 600 attended. The subjects for discussion were divided into the usual heads of natural science, manufactures and commerce, medical science, history and archaeology, philosophy, literature and the fine arts, and physical science and mathematics.—The ninth Italian Scientific Congress held its first sitting on the 13th. The assembly met in the saloon of the grand council—restored for the occasion to its pristine magnificence, in the former palace of the Doges. Count Giovannelli, the president-general, made the opening speech. The Prince of Canino was named president of the section of zoology and comparative anatomy.

From Naples, it is stated that Vesuvius is still in eruption. The lava has changed its direction—flowing now to the right of the crater instead of the left.

The *Builder* gives the following conjectural account of some anomalous mechanical monster which is in progress of creation at Liverpool:—"The 'mysterious machine,' for some time in course of preparation has still a local habitation and a name, at least, if only half a reality. A witness 'attempts' to describe it, as well as he can, but he admits that he can make neither head nor tail of it. It is tubular, 120 feet long and 36 feet in girth at the broadest part, which is at one end of it,—whether head or tail deponent knoweth not. It is built of pine plank, air-tight, and free of knots. The entrance-door is at one side, and he talks of ante-room and public saloon, a winding staircase to 'a good look-out' in the roof, &c. &c., all in the belly of what appears to be so 'very like a whale' or a Trojan horse. It will take two years more to finish it in the 'superior style' in which it is being fitted up for at least 100 'passengers'; but whether through the heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, is a mystery as yet profound as chaos itself. May not this ingenious conundrum be some new-fangled canal-boat, or a steamer for diving into smooth water under the stormy surface of the ocean, so as to insure smooth sailing—to the bottom at least—if not to insure the lives of those who are evidently expected to follow by the lot the special examples of Jonah?"

The inhabitants of Weymouth and Portland are, we are informed, about to enter into a subscription for the purpose of presenting Mr. John Harvey with a testimonial commemorative of his own and his father's untiring exertions in bringing before successive governments and the public the necessity of a Breakwater at Portland—now in progress of construction.

Lanercost Abbey, our antiquarian readers will regret to hear, is in ruins. The roof fell in some days since during a high wind,—obliterating all the architectural characters which have so long made it a place of pilgrimage.

Not long since, one of those accidents which open up so many chasms in the mass of London brick and mortar afforded, as has often happened through like means, the opportunity of extracting a permanent good out of a present calamity. The clump of houses at Middle Row, Holborn, has been one of the eyesores to the speculators on metropolitan improvement—standing, as it does, right athwart the long perspective of a street which is undergoing many improvements in other places along its course, and breaking abruptly the current of the living circulation that pours through this great channel and is fretted against the needless obstacle. When a portion

of this mid-channel impediment was removed by accident, we will venture to say that no reasonable man who has read much of late about Improvement Commissioners, and sees the great things that are doing and projected in other parts of the metropolis, could have calculated on seeing it deliberately replaced. That a dam like this is restored only to be certainly taken down, in the end, is beyond a question.—but such is the way in which we love to do things in this eccentric country of ours. We prefer making opportunities, at great outlay and after long talking about them, to seizing the occasion which comes to hand—and costs therefore so much loss. We seem to value our improvements in the ratio of the money we have spent in maintaining the abuses which they remove.—It may be hoped that Lord Morpeth's occasions may take him that way, ere the unnecessary breakwater shall be fairly replaced in the centre of the Holborn channel.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOW OPEN, with a new and highly interesting Exhibition, representing the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, justly considered one of the most magnificent temples in the Christian world; and a VIEW OF TIVOLI, near ROME, with the Cascades, &c. The picture of St. Mark's is painted by M. Dioso (pupil of M. Daguerre), from drawings made on the spot expressly for the Diorama by the late M. Renoux. The View of Tivoli is painted by M. Boulton. Both pictures exhibit various novel and striking effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.—Admittance, Saloon, 1s.; Stalls, 2s.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scotland Delinated. Part IV. contains half-a-dozen lithographs which sustain the character that we have already assigned to the work. Mr. Leitch's view of 'Benmore' brings us to a more intimate acquaintance with his mountain-majesty than we could make from the heights of Stirling.—Mr. Harding's view of 'Holyrood' still exhibits him in his passion for vignette-like treatment—in this instance certainly disadvantageously. There is a want of purpose and of unity of intention in the treatment of the subject.—'Glamis Castle' was a better theme for Joseph Nash than for George Cattemole. The latter needs one of more romance. Neither is 'Melrose Abbey'—beautifully drawn as it is in all the circumstance of mullioned window and buttressed flank—expressive of Mr. Roberts's art. It is wanting in effect, and does not sufficiently define the character of the materials of its construction.—The most stirring of the illustrations is Mr. Joseph Nash's 'Interior of Glasgow Cathedral'; representing the successful resistance to the threatened demolition of the edifice after the Reformation. It is greatly in Mr. Cattemole's style.—Mr. Leitch's 'View of Edinburgh from the Mound' completes the Number;—which, in spite of some drawbacks, is one of much interest.

Memorials of Edinburgh. At a very cheap rate—two shillings for each number—this work (of which sixteen numbers have appeared) puts it in the power of every student in topography to possess himself of an excellent history of Edinburgh,—compiled with care and illustrated with good engravings both on copper and wood.

The Gallery of Nature. Parts III. to VI. sustain the credit of the former numbers.

The Knowledge and Restoration of old Paintings; the Modes of Judging between Copies and Originals; and a brief Life of the Principal Masters in the different Schools of Painting. By T. H. Fielding. Ackermann.

This little volume is better in intention than in execution. The first part, treating of the modes of distinguishing copies from originals, is, where the technique of Art is concerned, a mere compilation of such incidental remarks as Lanzi, Richardson, Reynolds, the 'Monteur des Arts,' &c., have furnished; and with these the author has certainly not succeeded in establishing a rule by which originals may be distinguished from copies. His very first quotation from Lanzi's preface to his 'History of Painting in Italy' might have deterred him from the attempt:—"The connoisseur's object," says that writer, "is to make himself familiar with the handling of the most celebrated masters and to distinguish copies from originals. Happy should I be could I promise to accomplish so much. Even they might consider themselves fortunate who dedicate their lives to such pursuits, were they able to discover any short, general and certain rules for

infinitely determining this delicate point. The acquisition of such discrimination is the fruit only of long experience and deep reflection on the style of each master." He who would pretend to the power of judging in any particular school of Art, must have not only long studied and compared the various masters belonging to it and their several scholars, but carefully traced the progress of each artist's style and the several changes that it has undergone. If this be the *sine qua non* for anything like acquaintance with a single school, how much more is required of him who would discriminate between many—whose labours extend over a period of five or six centuries? It argues in the connoisseur an education of the eye, fine judgment and taste, and collateral knowledge, that he is even able to appreciate Art—much more to be critically alive to the qualities of authorship; and all that Richardson and Reynolds may have said on the subject must be taken generally, rather than as offering specific data.

The portion of this book which treats of the restoration of old paintings contains much that was well-known respecting the solvents and processes for cleaning and removing varnishes and dirt from the surfaces of pictures. Nothing short of artistic knowledge and experience—of an intimate acquaintance with the history of practice in the several schools and their *modus operandi*—is necessary to the cleaner, to enable him so to modify the nature of such solvents and detergents as the circumstances, treatment, or manipulation of a particular picture may require. It is about as rational to expect that any one person should be capable of repairing pictures of every school—representing an endless variety of modes—as it would be to look for a practitioner skilled in all the branches of the medical and surgical art.

It may not be uninteresting here to quote what Mr. Fielding has borrowed from a periodical publication, 'The Picturesque Annual' respecting the transfer from wood of one of Titian's pictures.—'The Assassination of San Pietro Dominico,' known ordinarily as the 'Peter Martyr,' after it had been transferred by Napoleon from the Church of SS. Giovanni and Paoli, in Venice, to the Louvre, underwent the process.—

"In the passage from Venice to Marseilles, it had got wet; and when laid out in a warm place after arrival, the board and the sized ground on which it was painted having dried sooner than the colours, the latter split into scales. In this predicament, it was determined to transfer the picture to canvas; and the delicate operation was undertaken by Hacquin, under the superintendence of a committee of the Institute, consisting of two artists and two chemists. Gauze was first pasted on the painting; and when this was dry, another covering of gauze, and then two successive layers of grey paper. When all this was completely dry, it was laid upon a table face downwards,—and part of the wood removed by means of small saws, one acting perpendicularly and the other horizontally. A plane with a convex edge was then applied in the most delicate and gradual manner, and then another with the edge broken into teeth so as to answer the purpose of a rasp; and the board, being thus reduced to the thickness of a sheet of paper was moistened with water, and taken off in minute portions with the point of a knife. The distemper, or size ground, was next removed by means of water, and the back of the painting exposed. This being found to be altogether dried up with age, was rubbed with cotton dipped in oil to restore its flexibility, and wiped with a muslin rag. It was then painted over with white lead and oil, instead of the former ground; and in this state was allowed to dry for three months. When the ground was sufficiently dry, it was pasted over with gauze, and the gauze with canvas; and the picture was then detached from the table and laid upon its back. The layers of gauze and grey paper being successively detached with water, the scales were moistened with thin flour paste, and covered with an oiled paper. A heated iron was then cautiously applied, and the painting rendered flat. The same minute care was taken in fixing it upon the canvas;—which was not attempted till the ground had received two additional coats of white lead and oil, with gauze between. The picture was then put into the hands of an artist skilled in repairing, and entered upon a new lease of its existence."

N° 103
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When we saw this picture last, in 1842, in the Gallery of the Accademia at Venice, it was about to be conveyed away for the purpose of having the varnish (gum Sandarac) removed from its face with which, as we were informed, it had been coated in Paris at the time here spoken of. Together with the 'Transfiguration of Raffaele,' it had been rendered black and obscure at the hands of the *quasi* restorer.

In the 'Lives' of artists belonging to the Italian, Spanish and French schools the author displays the boldness of his knowledge and the badness of his style. He has failed of giving such facts in the biographies of his characters as signalize their practice, mark the condition of Art in their day, and form the successive links that compose its history. Passing over Guido da Siena and Giotto da Pisa, Mr. Fielding begins with Cimabue—but gives no notion whatever of the inspirations which informed that painter with his art. Some of the most conspicuous features of the Italian school are dismissed by him in a very summary way—and in a style of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"Luci Signorelli, born at Cortona, 1439; he died very rich, 1521, aged 82. He excelled in history and M. Angelo Buonarrotti borrowed many of his naked figures for his large picture of 'The Last Judgment.'"

Was it of more import to inform us that this artist died rich than to particularize those of his pictures from which Michael Angelo borrowed for his great works? We will supply the omission, by stating that the fresco pictures from which Michael Angelo so borrowed are in Orvieto Cathedral.—It would be difficult to name one who exercised a greater influence over the artists of his day than the painter here in question, if we except him who is thus similarly treated:—

"Domenico Ghirlandaio, born at Florence, 1449; died 1493, aged 44; painted history, studied under Alessandro Baldovinetti, fond of introducing classical columns, arches, aqueducts, and other Roman antiquities, which were always truly drawn, and with good effect; his colouring was good with a handsome style of outline."

A very satisfactory biography of this master of Michael Angelo,—a very definite description of the character of the artist's works! Not one word about the choir of Sta. Maria Novella—or the chapel at the Trinity, or that in the Palazzo Ducale, at Florence—or the fine fresco in the Sistine! This is superficial trifling, truly. Then, Mr. Fielding dismisses Ghirlandaio by, according to him, the merit of a *handsome* style of outline. This definition of what we should characterize as a vigorous and manly style of contour—though the painter's view was not an ideal one—is a specimen of the author's taste and style. Of his Italian construction and rendering the less we say the better for him.—The prices of the pictures now in the National Gallery, copied from the return granted on the motion of Mr. Baring Wall, are worth knowing.

ARAB GLEANINGS IN VENICE.

Sept.

If any proof were wanting of the indurate tenacity of antique civilization, it is to be found in the regimen of the Arabs. Guided by enthusiasm alone, this semi-barbarous people, with no other tastes than for homes and verses—the *faris un shair*—spread over the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean. Their religion forbids the imitative arts; but no sooner has the clangour of invasion ceased than the antique element everywhere leavens the new. In Damascus, in Bagdad, in Corfu, in Cairoan, in Granada, in Cordova, and in Cairo, science, literature, and architecture all revive. The mere private library of the Caliph Mostanser contained 120,000 volumes. The library of the Melreesh of Tripoli in Syria previously to the Crusades must have equalled that of Alexandria. The Greeks, Copts, and Syrians, subdued by the arms of the Arabs, saw their conquerors in turn quickly re-subdued by the arts of the ancients modified by Islamism; and the Turkish invasion of Egypt and Syria in 1517—only a quarter of a century later than the fall of the Arab kingdom of Granada—was the overcast of a period which may be justly called the Arabian summer of the civilization of the ancients.

A maritime and contemporary people such as the

Venetians, carrying on their commerce with India through Arab countries, could scarcely escape a partial impress of the Arab mould; and this it is which makes Venice appear so original in a European point of view, and so interesting though less original to the Oriental student.

There can be little doubt that the earliest good edifices of the Venetians were Byzantine;—but the fame and beauty of the Saracenic style soon swept all before it. The Ducal Palace, in which the Saracenic predominates, seems to have been constructed by Calendario in the middle of the fourteenth century—and to have been thus a contemporary of the mosque of Sultan Hassan in Cairo just after the two great Kalaons had added so many magnificent edifices to that capital:—and surely the Arabic reconstruction of the elements of the sublime and beautiful in architecture after their dissolution in the Lower Empire is immeasurably superior to that of the northern Gothic. The Arabs in their details showed (excepting perhaps in Granada) less curious and elaborate tracery than the men of the north; but with them it was always in subordination to some great feature either of the elevation or the interior—and always formed a harmonizing contrast to some more simple part of an edifice, or a relief to the mere grandeur of its outline. This it is which has made the Ducal Palace the most beautiful edifice in the world.

The old Piazza di San Marco, before it was burnt down—as shown in the large and curious picture of 'Gentile Bellino' (A.D. 1496) at the Accademia—was entirely Saracenic; so that the Piazza must have borne the closest resemblance to the court of a mosque. For it was then much smaller; being narrower by the breadth of the campanile, and something more. Not only were the archivols of the horse-shoe form and the cornices serrated, but even in the minutest particulars the Oriental style was imitated. For instance, in the friezes between the floors we see what at first sight appears to be the *Sulus* or large Arabic "writing on the wall" of mosques; but as they could not, in a Christian country, write sentences from the Koran, we find, on looking closer, that the characters are figures of white camelpards (giraffes) on a red ground. These carry the mind to the East by more associations than one; for their long legs and tapering necks have quite the air of *Sulus* writing—and even in the colour of white and red we see the same combination still visible in almost every mosque of Cairo to this day. In the upper part of the Ducal Palace we find the same colours which appear to have been frequent in Venice in the fifteenth century—as seen in Titian's large picture of the 'Presentation of the Virgin'; and these appear to have taken their origin in the combination of bright red brick with polished white marble—as in the old pavement of the Piazza San Marco.

After the Italian invasion of the cinque-cento, and the different direction taken by Palladio, Sansovino, and Sammicheli, Venice rapidly changed appearance. To such houses as are seen in Giovanni Mansueti and Vittore Carpaccio succeeded the modern Palazzo, with its balconies and pilasters. The change is not to be regretted as regards Venice in general; but I certainly think that the old Piazza di San Marco, with its Arabic colonnades, its serrated cornices, and its bright red pavement streaked with white marble, would have been more in unison with the Church and the Ducal Palace.

St. Mark's is still the most oriental of all the edifices in Venice. Place an ignorant Cairene at the gate next the Piazza dei Leoni, and you would have some difficulty in persuading him that Venice was not the seat of a long and illustrious Saracenic occupation,—and that St. Marco is not a mosque abandoned to defilement by the anger of God or the pusillanimity of the bearers of the banners of Islam. The crowd of domes, the innumerable costly pillars of all sorts, sizes, colours, and capitals, which have the air of having adorned successively the palaces of antiquity, the churches of the Lower Empire, and the mosques of the Saracens, at length stand in enduring commemoration of the Millennium during which the Levant influenced the arts and exercised the arms of the great republic. Even the turned wooden grates or window frames above the great gates are of the very patterns used to this day in Cairo—and which were in the fifteenth century all gilt,

The original Merceria, with its pendant shutters, narrow crowded thoroughfare, and the wares of brilliant colour in its dark limpid shades, must have had very much the air of a bazaar—which it has not lost even now. Cantar, rottalo, and other Venetian weights are still the standards of quantity in the Levant; and in the name of Campo, applied to all the khans of Aleppo, we find a Venetian expression. There were several places in Venice in the form of a khan: one of which—the Campo St. Angelo—is still remaining. The principal one—Campo dei Mori, or Khan of the Moors, at Madonna del Orto—has been taken down; but I still observed the stone figure of a Bedouin leading a loaded camel in alto-rilievo on the wall next the canal.

Several remarkable edifices of Saracenic architecture are yet visible on the Grand Canal:—one of which is the Fondaco dei Turchi. There is, however, no connexion between its architecture and the subsequent destination which gave it its name. It is supposed to have been built in the 12th or 13th century,—when the Saracenic taste was in full prevalence: and extracts from documents which were shown to me by Count Agostino Sagredo, the present accomplished president of the Academy of Fine Arts, show that it was given by the republic to the Duke of Ferrara,—after him passed through several hands to the Pesaro family,—and in 1621 was let by them to the Turks. It is now in course of repair and restoration by the commune. The Palazzo Loredano, a peculiarly light and handsome specimen of Saracenic architecture, built since the invasion of the Italian style,—and the celebrated Ca Doro, now the property of Taglioni,—are both so well known as to require no further consideration.

No painters caught the oriental costume nearly so well as the Venetians; who, through ambassadors, merchants, and slaves, had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with it. The oriental air and manner are better seized in Tintoretto's great picture of 'The Miracle of St. Mark, or a Slave liberated from Bondage,' than in any picture that I have ever seen. The kaouks were universally worn in the East in Tintoretto's time (and to very nearly our own age); but with this exception the figures might now be alive in Cairo and Damascus without any one discovering any great peculiarity. Traces of the connexion with the East are constantly appearing in the Venetian pictures. In Giovanni Mansueti's pictures we see *segedies* hung out of the windows; the scarf of Titian's Maddalena is evidently of Tripoli manufacture; and the 'Supper in the House of Levi'—where Paul Veronese, that king of the kings of colour, is enthroned in all the dazzling splendour and gorgeous magnificence of his genius—has for its principal figure green velvet hose of a most curious arabesque pattern.

The use of high pattens, or stalking shoes, for the women was common to both Venice and the East; and caused Evelyn to say that the Venetian dames were half flesh half wood. The custom exists to this day in full force in Damascus;—where the habit of wearing dyed or dried golden hair still lingers among some aged grandmothers of the present generation.

But enough for the present.—In a future letter I will, with your permission, take a glance at the Cairo of the Mameluke Sultans through Venetian eyes.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—Messrs. Puttick & Simpson sold, on Tuesday last, in a miscellaneous collection of autographs, a very interesting letter of Flaxman's. Our great sculptor was an indifferent correspondent in more than one sense of the word—and there is not in print a single scrap of his writing. The letter, therefore, is a rarity; and is, moreover, curiously illustrative of the writer's kind and obliging nature—of the manner, which so well became him, of conferring favours while it really seemed (and this was no affectation on his part) as if he indeed were the individual obliged. It is addressed to John Bischoff, Esq., Leeds.

Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, 19th of Aug. 1814.
Dear Sir,—Your first respected letter was duly received, concerning the drawing for Dr. Whitaker's new edition of 'The History of Leeds': the answer to which has been delayed so long because I wished to send by it such information respecting the manner of engraving the monument of Captains Walker and Becket, with the expense, as might enable Dr. Whitaker and yourself to determine what kind of print will be most likely to answer the purpose of publication—which will consequently determine the kind of drawing from which the copper-plate must be engraved. This information I have just obtained. A highly finished

shadowed engraving, of the proper size for a quarto book, will cost twenty guineas, or more; and in this department of Art, there are two engravers of distinguished excellence, Mr. Bromley and Mr. Englehart. For such an engraving, a drawing should be made by Mr. Stothard, who is used to draw for engravers; which is an absolute requisite, as this is a distinct branch of Art. A drawing of this kind costs about five or six guineas. If the Rev. Doctor would be satisfied with an outline of the monument—such as those published of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, as well as some in Cowper's translations of Milton's Latin poems, which is now a favourite style of decoration in books—I can make the outline myself, and will request the editor's acceptance of it. The engraving, including the copper-plate, will cost six guineas if done by Mr. Blake, the best engraver of outlines. When you favour me with Dr. Whitaker's intentions on this subject, pray send in the letter the size of the intended book. I hope you will excuse the trouble I have occasioned you; and accept my particular thanks for your kindness and attention.—I have the honour to remain, &c.

JOHN FLAXMAN.

"Mr. Blake, the best engraver of outlines," was William Blake, the able and eccentric artist.

The expectation which was raised, a few weeks ago, that some additional rooms were about to be erected at the National Gallery, is not, we hear, likely to be realized—at least in time for the next Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The works, which were to have been begun at once—and for which plans had been prepared—are postponed. Two reasons are assigned for this delay. Mr. Vernon's noble gift makes the policy of attempting to patch up the present structure very doubtful indeed: but coupled with this reason, it is said that the two authorities—the Trustees of the National Gallery and the Council of the Royal Academy—were not unanimous as to the partition of the proposed additional space between them.

The Society of Arts has issued a manifesto in which, in reference to the various other institutions that have come upon the wide ground of its original occupation, it reviews its position in regard to the encouragement of the Fine Arts. Since its foundation the Society has witnessed the establishment of the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, the two Water Colour Societies, and other similar institutions throughout the country, the National Gallery, the Art-Union, the Commission of Fine Arts, and the Government Schools of Design. Each of these has charged itself with the development of Art in some one or more of its provinces—all of which were at one time included in the intention of the Society of Arts; and that latter body has, therefore, seen the propriety of marking out a more limited and peculiar scheme of utility for itself—that of combining Art with objects strictly useful. It may still, it is said, encourage the artist in every department of his art—in historical, in landscape, and familiar-life paintings, in sculpture, and in ornamental design; applying them, however decoratively, "without lowering history or landscape, but giving grandeur and elevation to decoration." With these views, the Society announces that it has revised its classes of premiums in the Fine Arts and Manufactures.

It purposes to award prizes for the best designs uniting Art and Manufacture, and with these for the best compositions, whether painted or modelled, to be employed in architectural decorations, to fill the pannels of arches, friezes, panels, &c.—Another class of prizes will be established for the encouragement of careful studies in the same direction. And the object of these prizes being strictly educational, they will be limited to students of a certain age; the Society's aim being to educate a class of Students who shall be prepared to enter into successful competition for the prizes previously mentioned.—The Society feel that a class of rewards should be established and offered to those manufacturers who produce original and beautiful objects at their succeeding Exhibitions.—By first eliciting the design from the Artist, and then honouring the Manufacturer for realizing the design, the Society hopes to extend practically the sphere of its utility, and especially to make the institution the means of easy communication between the Artist, Manufacturer, and Merchant. For this purpose it is intended to register the address and change of address of each meritorious competitor; so that on applying at the Society's House, any manufacturer may have the means of communicating with such artist, and may be enabled to obtain the best information respecting all objects of ornamental design.—It is proposed to abolish the prizes hitherto specially offered to Amateurs, as being uncalled for, in these times of general knowledge and appreciation of Art. At the time the Society was instituted it was desirable to foster Art in every possible way, and prizes were offered to Amateurs. It was hoped to beget a love for Art in those with whom Art was to be an amusement and not a profession. Art now forms so considerable a portion of the education of all the upper classes, that it does not need any such stimulus. There will thus be three distinct classes of prizes to promote Decorative Art.

Class 1. For Students.

Class 2. Medals and money rewards for matured Artists

inventing decorative designs worthy of the Society's sanction. Class 3. Medals and honorary testimonials to Manufacturers realizing beautiful designs.

The following are the arrangements for the year 1848:—

STUDENTS' CLASS.—Prizes (in money or books) for the encouragement of studies for decorative design, open to competitors of either sex under twenty-one years of age. The object of these prizes is to promote that careful mode of early study, which the Society considers essential to success and most conducive to the interest of Art and Manufactures. For the best original Studies from Nature (either cartoons or models), size of life, unless otherwise expressed, of the following:—Of a group of Hands and Feet with characteristic action.—Of a group of Hands and Feet with characteristic action, engraved in line, quarter size.—Of a Head of a Child.—Of a Head of a Child, engraved in line, quarter size.—Of a Draped Figure from Nature, two feet high.—Of the front view of a Head of a Ram.—Of a Bull, or of a Horse.—Of an Owl.—Of a Swan, of an Eagle, or Vulture, front view, (not less than half size).—Of the Hop, and the Bindweed or Convolvulus Major, and the Red-berried Bryony.—Of an Oak with and without foliage.—Of a Spanish Chestnut with and without foliage. Drawing two feet high.—For the best group of Oak and Ivy Leaves, arranged together ornamentally.—For the best studies of Twelve British Wild Flowers.—CLASS II.—Original Designs for Decoration, Open to Competitors of either sex and all ages.—For the best Chalk or Monochrome Drawing, being an original Composition, of Children half life size, for a circular compartment, the Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For the best Chalk or Monochrome Drawing, being an original composition, of Figures half life size, to fill a pannel of an equilateral arch of two centres, the Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For the best Cartoon, being an original composition, of a group of the Rose, Shalwood, and Thistle, arranged ornamentally, a Silver Medal and Three Pounds.—For the best Cartoon of an arrangement of the White Lily, for a decorative purpose. The Silver Medal and Two Pounds.—For the best design for a Chimney-piece with bas-reliefs, scale three inches to the foot, with Working Drawings full size. The Silver Medal and Ten Pounds.—For a model of a Chimney-piece with bas-reliefs; scale, three inches to the foot, and details full size. The Silver Medal and Twenty Pounds.—For the model of a Soup Tureen and Cover, to be executed in Earthenware. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For the model of a Salad Bowl. The Silver Medal and Three Pounds.—For the best Drawings of a series of British Wild Flowers, to be treated for Printing on China, as ornaments. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For the best Working Drawing of a group of Fish and Game treated ornamentally as a bas-relief. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For the best original Design and Working Drawings for a Pair of Carriage Gates, in Iron; scale two inches to the foot, and details full size. The Silver Medal and Ten Pounds.—For the best ornamental Design suitable for Printing on a Child's Mug. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For the best Design and Working Drawings for a pair of Folding-Doors, with bas-reliefs on the panels. The Silver Medal and Ten Pounds.—For the best Drawings of an original Design for an ornamental carved Sideboard, combining elegance with utility. The Drawings to be to a scale of three inches to a foot, with the requisite Working Drawings full size. The Silver Medal and Twenty Pounds.—For the best original Design and Working Drawings for a Chandelier to be executed in metal, scale quarter full size. The Silver Medal and Ten Pounds.—A Model of a Bracket to support a figure two feet high. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—A Design for a Tea Caddy to be executed in Wood. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—A Design for an Encaustic Tile, patterned in the Italian style. The Silver Medal and Three Pounds.—Models of a Door Knocker and Scraper. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—A Design for a Tea Urn or Table Tea-Kettle, with Working Drawings full size. The Silver Medal and Ten Pounds.—For a Design for an ornamental Cast-iron Pillar to support the roof of a railway platform; scale, three inches to the foot, the details full size. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For a combined Design for a Finger Plate and Lock Furniture to match. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—A Design and Working Drawings for a Pendant Hall Lamp, for Gas. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—Model for a Table Candlestick, to be executed in Metal or China. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For a new Design of a Glass Decanter and a Wine Glass. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For a new Design for a Tea Tray to be executed in Paper Mâché. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—For a Model for an Ornamental Case for a Chimney-Piece Clock. A Gold Medal or Twenty Pounds.—For a Design for a Chimney-Glass Frame. The Silver Medal and Five Pounds.—ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS, &c.—For the best Design for a Labourer's Cottage in the country. The large Gold Medal or Thirty-one Pounds Ten Shillings. The Drawings to comprise a general Plan, Elevation, and Section, drawn to a scale of three-eighths of an inch to the foot, together with the requisite Working Drawings for a larger scale, and a General Specification of the internal Finishing and Fittings proposed. The Design must provide a Living Room, a Scullery, and three Bed-rooms. Presuming that in structures of this description, where the outlay must necessarily be very limited, that both with a view to economy of material, and likewise to external effect, it will be considered desirable that the cottages should be erected in pairs, the wall between them containing the Flues; in such cases, the details of one only will be required. It is necessary that consideration should be given,

firstly, to the most convenient arrangement of the parts; secondly, to the best means of ventilation, drainage, supply of water, cleanliness, and economical heating; and lastly, to combine therewith the most pleasing and picturesque effect attainable with reference to the limited outlay. The roof of a Double Cottage erected in Middlesex, when completed with the requisite Landlord's Fixtures, must not exceed 30*l.* For the best original Design for an Intermediate Railway Station. The Gold Medal. There must be a Campanile, or Clock Tower, and a Platform 300 feet long roofed over; also a Porch, a Booking Office, two Waiting Rooms, a Watercloset inside, and another outside. A Kitchen, Cellar, and Three Rooms for the Station Clerk. Scale, one-eighth of an inch to the foot, with such details to a large scale as the author may consider necessary for the full development of his design.—CLASS III.—Medals of Gold or Silver, and Honorary Testimonials, will be given to Manufacturers and others, who shall exhibit, at the Society's House in the year 1848, fine and original specimens of the following British Manufactures recently executed:—Ribbon and Silk Weaving.—Chintz Printing.—Paper Hangings.—Iron and Brass Casting, applied to ornamental purposes.—Metal Figure Casting.—The most beautiful novelty in Earthenware.—China Painting.—Printing and Colouring on China.—Ornamental Cutlery.—Largest Specimen of perfect Electrotype Figures.—Best Specimen of Turquoise Illus on China not affected by acids.—Best Specimen of Crimion on China.—Best Work of Art applied to Paper Hanging.—The best Specimen of Glass Staining.—Medals and Honorary Testimonials will be given for the best Specimens produced during the preceding year in Bookbinding.—Laid Paper for Writing, of the greatest Strength, Lightness, Beauty, and Durability.—Typography.—Printing in Colours for Books.—All these are to be sent in on or before the 5th of February.—The Society states that its Rewards are not limited to the subjects specified, but that Rewards will be given to other meritorious works in all branches of Art. Copies of the Designs or Models rewarded in class 2 are to be deposited and left in the Society's Museum; but the copyright will remain with the artist, provided that the work is executed for sale, and published, and that a manufactured specimen is exhibited at the Society's Exhibition of Decorative Manufactures in the year following. In case the work shall not be so executed and exhibited, the Society reserve to themselves the right of causing the same to be executed on such terms as they may think expedient.—The Society expressly reserves to itself power, in all cases, of giving such part only of any premium as the performance shall be adjudged to deserve, or of withholding the whole: but the candidates are assured that the Society will judge liberally of their claims.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The 124th annual meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester commenced in the latter city on Tuesday last—under the patronage of the Queen. The president is the Duke of Beaufort. The chorus includes 160 singers and the band upwards of 100 performers. The vocalists are Mdlle. Albani, Madame Camadori Allan, the Misses Williams, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Weiss, Herr Staudigl, and Messrs. Lockey, Williams, Weiss, and John Parry. On Tuesday, in the Cathedral, Handel's overture to 'Esther' and his Dettingen 'Te Deum,' Boyce's anthem 'Blessed is he,' and Attwood's Coronation Anthem 'I was glad,' were performed in the course of the service.—In the evening the Concert in the Shire-hall was well attended. The programme embraced Mendelssohn's 'First Walpurgis Night,' a trio of Corelli, the romance 'Sombre forêt' from *Guillaume Tell*, a duet by Benedict 'Mid waving trees,' Mr. Parry's 'Fayre Rosamonde,' Sterndale Bennett's overture to 'The Naidens,' and a variety of other pieces. On Wednesday morning the Cathedral was crowded to hear Mendelssohn's oratorio of 'Elijah';—and in the evening there was again a concert at the Shire-hall. On Thursday the performance at the Cathedral consisted of selections from Haydn's 'Seasons,' Handel's 'Israel in Egypt,' Beethoven's service in C, and 'Judas Maccabæus.' There was again a concert in the evening.

A trial of new works composed by the members and associates of the Society of British Musicians took place some mornings since at the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme contained overtures by Mr. Haite, Mr. Lettwich, and Mr. Coward—a symphony by Mr. H. C. Banister—a pianoforte solo by Mr. W. C. Macfarlane—songs and a duet by Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Rockstro—a five-part glee by Mr. Hopkinson—a violin solo performed by Mr. Thirlwall—and a harp concerto by Mr. Thomas. The private nature of such a performance withholds it, of course, from the province of criticism.

We were, it appears, wrong in stating that Miss

Cooper goes to the Princess's Theatre. She will remain with the Sadler's Wells company.

In Paris, a rehearsal of the first part of Verdi's new opera, "Jerusalem," took place last week at the Grand Opera. The statement that Madame Viardot-Garcia has entered into an engagement with the new Drury Lane Opera is contradicted on the authority of the daily herself.

The continental papers state that one of the principal objects of M. Jullien's journey to Italy is the hope of obtaining Mdle. Hayez, who has attained to a first-rate reputation in that country, if the Italian papers may be trusted, in an unprecedentedly short period of time.

MISCELLANEA

Alarm for Railway-Trains.—A correspondent has requested our publication of the following suggestion for establishing the means of communication, in case of danger, between the passengers in railway carriages and those who hold the reins of the "iron horse":—

Let the last carriage of every train contain a guard and a small Voltaic battery. From this battery let one of the conducting wires proceed directly to the axle of one or both of the pairs of wheels of this carriage, with which contact may be maintained by a spring. Let the other conducting wire pass out at the fore end of the carriage, just under the roof, and there terminate in a spiral link of wire of sufficient length to reach to the next carriage in front. Let the next and each other carriage of the train up to the tender be furnished with a wire running under its roof from end to end—not in contact with any metallic part of the carriage. Let each such wire be continued at one extremity by a spiral link for attachment to the wire of the next carriage, and be fitted at the other end outside with a binding screw, to receive the connector from the carriage behind it. Let each vehicle occupied by human beings be supplied with pairs of forceps—one, at least, for every compartment; and let each of these nippers be inclosed in a case, with a glass front sealed in, in some conspicuous and convenient position—so that in case of danger the glass might be broken and the wire cut. Or, instead of these last, let the longitudinal wire be interrupted, in each compartment of the coach, by a simple contact-breaker, in a glazed frame, of which the guard shall keep the key; it being his business to ascertain before starting that all the contacts are "turned on." Thus, the danger-signal might be made by a single movement, indicated by a plain direction lettered on each break. This arrangement being repeated in every carriage up to the tender, let the system be continued by an insulated wire running to the fore part of the tender; and here let it enter the alarm apparatus; which should be insulated, and close to, but not of the reach of, the engineer and stoker—the guard having the keys. Let this alarm consist of a small electro-magnetic core and coil; the armature of the magnet being adjusted as the detent of a clock-movement. Let the clockwork be connected with a bell, so that on the release of the detent the spring shall be free to act, and the bell shall commence to ring violently, and continue to do so till the detent be recalled by the magnet. Let then the series of conductors be continued to the electro-magnet; and, having formed its helix, let the wire pass on to the wheel axles of the tender—its extremity being kept in contact therewith by a spring.—The expense of this adjustment would be trifling. The trouble which it would entail would only be that of occasionally winding up the alarm spring, of tightening a little binding-screw between each two carriages on making up the train, and of keeping the battery charged.—and this last item might be eliminated by substituting for the battery a magneto-electric apparatus, the revolution of whose armature might be made to depend on that of the wheel of the coach. It is clear that so long as contact is maintained the "current" will pass through the series of carriage wires, through the alarm, and back through the rail to the battery; and that whenever the guard either suspends contact at the battery, or a passenger cuts the conductor, or the train breaks, or the last carriage (the most liable to do so) gets off the rail, the "current" will instantly cease, the clockwork will be freed from the magnet, the bell will ring, and the train will soon be stopped. The only errors to which the system

would be liable are false alarms:—on the safe side. These might occur by a passenger's wantonness—not likely to be repeated; or by momentary non-conduction between the rails and wheels. In this last case, conduction would probably be resumed, and the bell would cease to ring, before the engineer could have done more than shut off the steam,—so that no appreciable delay would be caused. Should the last fault be found to occur so frequently as to be inconvenient, the circuit might be maintained by a second set of wires similar to the first, instead of intrusting its completion to the rail. This would add but little complication to the scheme;—and would only sacrifice the additional safety in the chance of the last carriage quitting the rail without the instant knowledge of its occupant.

Planet Iris.—17, Park Street, Greenwich, Sept. 22. —For the information of your astronomical readers, I send an orbit of the planet Iris, which I have deduced from the Cambridge meridian observation of August 14th, and the meridian observations at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, on August 21st and August 31st (the latter observations being allowed by the kind permission of the Astronomer Royal). Parallax and aberration have been applied:—

| | |
|--|--|
| Mean Longitude of Iris 1847, Sept. 1st. 341° 56' 42.3" | From the Mean Equinox of 1847, Jan. 1st. 1847. |
| Longitude of Perihelion 30° 31' 51.04" | |
| Longitude of Node 258° 32' 42.14" | |
| Inclination 5° 21' 54.48" | |
| Angle of Excentricity 14° 39' 43.03" or $e = 0.2531155$ | |
| Log. semi-axis Major 0.3847691. Period 1379.6 days. | |

I am, &c. HUGH BREEN, JUN.

Notable Discovery.—That authority on all matters touching crowned heads and illustrious and noble personages throughout Europe, the *Almanach de Gotha*, for 1847, in a summary of the British army for the present year, describes among other corps, the "Garde de la Rivière d'Or." Who ever heard at the Horse Guards, or any other centre of information on military matters of the "Guard of the River of Gold" as forming part of the British army? "After much pondering," (as Lord Brougham would say) what this could possibly mean, we remembered that in French C and G are letters not quite so distinct in sound at least as they are in English; and the sage compiler of this portion of the almanac had consequently mistaken our Coldstream Guards for "Goldstream," which in his magniloquence he had converted into "la Rivière d'Or."—*Globe*.

Phosphorescence of the River Wye.—A correspondent of the *Monmouthshire Beacon* says: "Having had occasion last month to return to Tintern from the New Passage after nightfall in a boat, I was much surprised and pleased at the luminosity of the River Wye, in certain parts of the tideway, where the water is permanently oozy and thick. The phenomenon, it is well known, is common at sea, and in all salt water estuaries. The curiosity is, that it should be discovered in the Wye. The lowness of the fresh water currents, and the proportionate influence of the tides (carrying the blackish and muddy contributions of the adjacent channel further than customary during neaps) will account for the fact that the luminosity extended on several occasions this present summer to that part of the river contiguous to the Abbey. An old inhabitant of a cottage near the celebrated ruins went with her mop, one dark night, through the Water-gate, to perform a very homely task, and not with the remotest idea of making a pyrotechnic display; but to her extreme surprise, what would have been a whirl of dirty drippings at any other time was converted into a very respectable wheel."—

Discovery of the Eggs of the Moa or Dinornis of New Zealand.—An interesting discovery has lately been made by Mr. Walter Mantell, of Wellington, New Zealand. In an exploring tour in search of the remains of the colossal ostrich-like birds which once inhabited New Zealand, and whose bones occur in the alluvial sand and silt of the rivers, Mr. Mantell discovered imbedded with the bones fragments of their eggs. The specimens which he has transmitted to his father, Dr. Mantell, are portions of very large eggs, which, in their general aspect, resemble those of the ostrich, but differ in their markings, and relative thickness and size. The edges of these fragments are for the most part waterworn; the external surface is marked by short, interrupted, irregular linear grooves variously disposed in different specimens

—probably indicative of specific distinctions. They are altogether unlike the small circular pits on the shell of the ostrich. From the small degree of convexity even of the largest fragments, it is obvious that they belonged to eggs of considerable magnitude. Among the bones collected by Mr. Walter Mantell (amounting to 700 or 800), and now on their way to England, are portions of several skulls and mandibles. The latter will be an important addition to our knowledge of the nature and affinities of the original; for no vestiges of that part of the skeleton have previously been obtained. Although the state of preservation of the bones and the egg-shells proves that they are not, geologically speaking, of great antiquity, and renders it probable that the last of their race may have existed contemporaneously with the human race, yet Mr. Mantell could obtain no trustworthy evidence to warrant the conclusion that any living Moa had been seen by the present inhabitants or their immediate progenitors. The circumstance of the natives knowing the bones to belong to birds, and distinguishing them by the name of Moa, or sacred bird, long ere they had been examined by Europeans, and when they would not have been aware of the existence of any birds larger than their own small apteryx, is, however, considered by Mr. Walter Mantell as confirmatory of the native traditions, that they abounded in former times, and were hunted by the natives for food.

Unclaimed Values in the Post Office.—An official return has just been printed, showing the number of letters now lying in the General Post Office containing coin, bank-notes, bills of exchange, or other property. This return shows that 4,201 such letters are lying in the Dead Letter-office,—containing property valued at the almost incredible sum of 40,410l. 5s. 7d.; this too has accrued during the last three years. For the system pursued in such cases is, that when all inquiry after the destination of the misdirected letters is found unavailing, the letters are kept three years to give time for application for them; after which period so much of the property as consists of money is paid into the revenue,—and this has been done up to the beginning of 1844. Any other description of property is periodically sold, and the proceeds also paid into the revenue. The articles now lying for claimants are of the most varied character,—some of them of a bulk and description little calculated for transmission per post. There are trinkets of all kinds, silver spoons by the dozen, spectacles, watches, waistcoats, shirts, soda powders, artificial flowers, books, snuff-boxes, fiddle-strings, dish-mats, petticoats, old clothes, fishing-flies, razors, pictures, night-gowns, a clarinet, brass weights, buttons, window curtains, a whistle, Prayer and other books, bunches of keys, brad-awls, scissors, and a panorama. The more portable articles consist chiefly of lace and Berlin work in the form of collars, cuffs, "dolls' things," and purses. Of documents and papers there are wills, railway and other shares, one Greek manuscript, subpenas, a vast number of pawn tickets, and postage stamps innumerable. The number of money-orders undelivered is 346,—for cash to the amount of 407l. 12s. 8d. The return from Scotland is quite characteristic of our more careful neighbours. The valuables undelivered and remaining in the General Post Office in Edinburgh on the 5th January last consist chiefly of coin and bank notes,—4l. 16s. 1d. of the first, 13l. 10s. of the latter; and only 10s. worth of other property, all contained in 89 letters. Only five epistles containing money orders are among the "dead,"—for sums amounting to 3l. 17s. 9d. In the Irish General Post Office are 457 undelivered letters,—containing property valued at 462l. 9s. 11d. Several of these missives contain "a free passageto New York." The number of unclaimed money orders is 64,—for 88l. 14s. 9d.—*Daily News*.

Bequest of Coins and other Antiques, &c.—Among the specific bequests by the late Rev. J. W. Mackie, M.A., student of Christ Church, Oxford, who died at his residence, Siddons House, Upper Baker-street, Regent's Park, on the 1st of July, are the cabinet, late Lady Warburton's, with the coins it contains, and all his papal coins, to the Ashmolean Museum; the View of the Piazza del Popolo, Rome, to the Trustees of the Taylor Gallery, Oxford; the antique bronze plate found at Tours of the Dedication of the Chapel to St. Elvy, described in the "Archæologia," to the Society of Antiquaries; the bust of Proserpine, by Powers, of Florence, to the Dean and Chapter of

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ADVERTISEMENT BY THE AUTHOR.

For some years I have entertained the wish to publish an Edition of my Works, in such form and at such a price as may bring them within the easy reach of every class of my countrymen. The recent example of an illustrious contemporary (Mr. Dickens) did not, therefore, suggest, though it undoubtedly has served to encourage, the present enterprise. In all my writings, those truths that have the most durable connexion with the general interests of mankind have ever the most warmed my fancy, or tasked my reason. With the People, in the larger sense of the word, I have always associated my objects as an Author; and in the hands of that People I now place these evidences of the sympathy which exists between all who recognize in labour the true dignity of life. To struggle, and to struggle upwards, is the law which connects the destinies of the multitude with the aspirations of the scholar. All who think are co-operative with all who toil.

Having, whether as a writer, or at one time as an actor in public life, advocated steadfastly that principle which would place whatever books can convey of profit or of pleasure within the attainment of the humblest reader, so I trust it is not with an ill grace that I now contribute my slender offering to those granaries of intellectual food which our age, with a wiser charity than our fathers', throws open to all who feel, as a want of our nobler nature, the hunger of the mind.

If I cannot, in works of so light a character, profess to teach, at least it may be mine not ignobly to interest, not frivolously to amuse; while there is that progressive link between book and book which permits me to indulge the hope, that many a mind which my fancies may please, or my speculations may arouse, will be led unconsciously on to the study of wiser instructors and graver masters.

May these works, then, thus cheaply equipped for a wider and more popular mission than they have hitherto fulfilled, find favour in those hours when the shop is closed, when the flocks are penned, and the loom has released its prisoner; may they be read by those who, like myself, are workmen; may they afford some relaxation after toil, some solace amidst pain, some not unsalutary escape from the stern realities of life! The sterner the realities, the more the escape is needed.

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